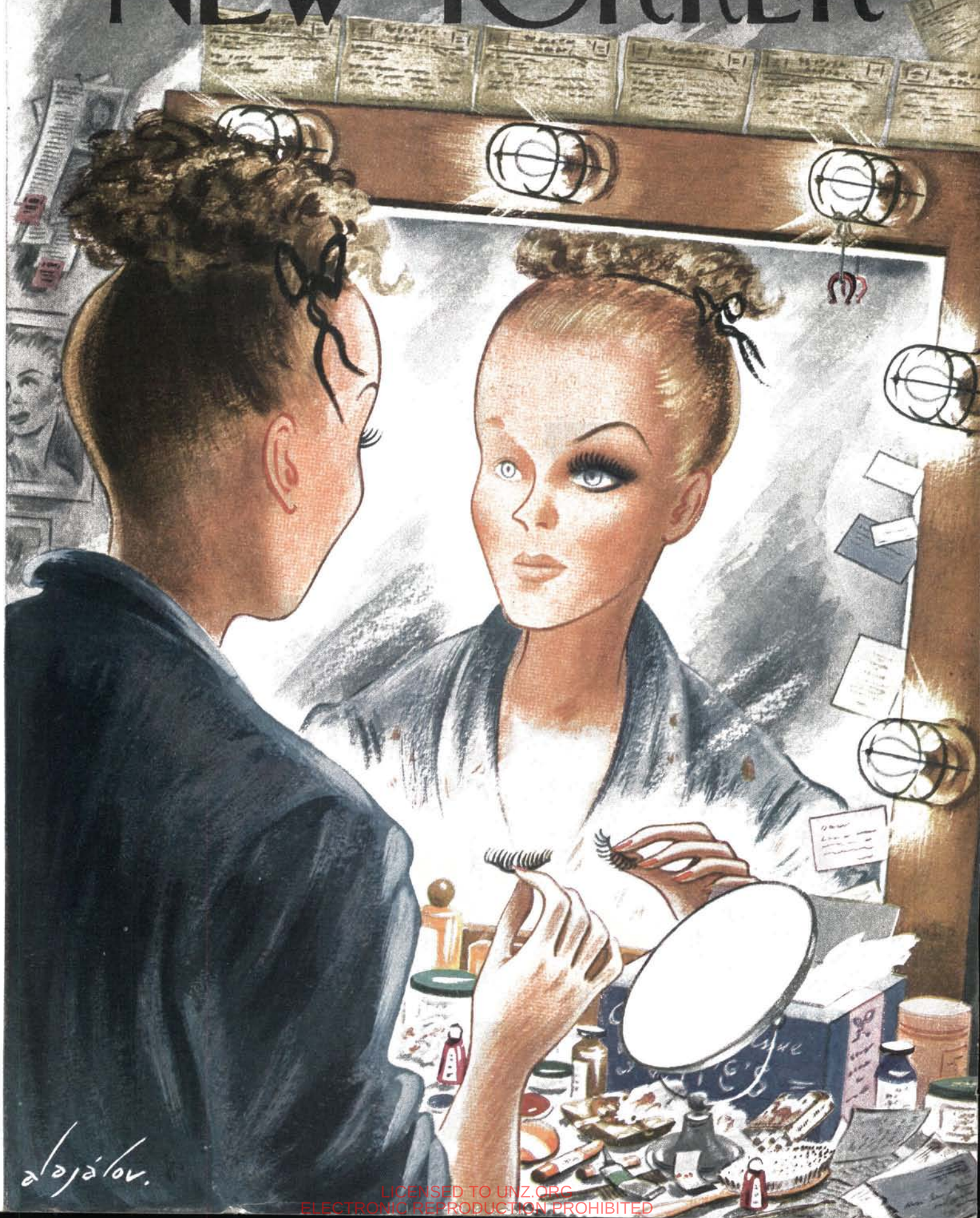


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

COMMAND DECISION—Even though this play about a heroic officer and the bitter choice he has to make may remind you of a lot of others, it is a sound, tense piece of work. Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath, and Edmon Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—Young June Lockhart's really exemplary performance is all the important news about this comedy. John Loder and Vicki Cummings assist her with the silly plot. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE HEIRESS—Ruth and Augustus Goetz, aided by Jed Harris's resourceful direction, have turned the Henry James novel concerning the brutal jilting of a plain girl into an absorbing play. Wendy Hiller, Basil Rathbone, and Patricia Collinge are in the capable cast. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

JOY TO THE WORLD—A lively production is not quite enough to save this rather untidy mixture of Hollywood humor and political argument. Alfred Drake and Marsha Hunt are very decorative in the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAN AND SUPERMAN—Mr. Shaw's 1903 essay on women and marriage has been accorded a splendid production by Maurice Evans, who also stars in it, but it still shows its age. Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcolm Keen, and Chester Stratton. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ME AND MOLLY—The Goldberg family of radio fame comes to something that is well short of life but intermittently amusing. With Gertrude Berg, who wrote it, and Philip Loeb. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

MEDEA—Judith Anderson giving what may easily be a historic performance in Robinson Jeffers' adaptation of the tragedy. She is respectfully abetted by Dennis King and Florence Reed. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

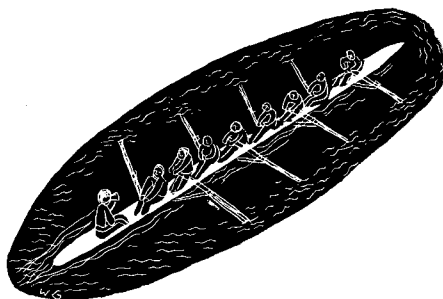
MISTER ROBERTS—One of the best books about the war becomes one of the most rewarding stage comedies in several seasons. Henry Fonda, David Wayne, and William Harrigan lead an excellent cast. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE—Meg Mundy gives a very touching performance in Jean-Paul Sartre's generally effective melodrama about the race problem. "The Happy Journey," by Thornton Wilder, serves as a curtain-raiser. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4280. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS—A comedy about some early suffragists that has its funny moments but also, unfortunately, a great many foolish ones. With Joan Tetzel and John Archer. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE—Tennessee Williams' tremendously compelling and eloquent drama concerning the tragic end of a woman's life. Jessica Tandy, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter lead the superb cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE WINSLOW BOY—Terence Rattigan has gone to a British *cause célèbre* for this good, moving play having to do with a naval cadet and



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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his suit against the Crown. The company, brought over from England, includes Alan Webb, Frank Allenby, and Valerie White. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

YOU NEVER CAN TELL—Leo G. Carroll, Faith Brook, Tom Helmore, Ralph Forbes, and Frieda Inescort in Shaw's play about love among the Feminists. The jokes are a little archaic but the production is charming. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—BORN YESTERDAY: Paul Douglas and Judy Holliday in the piece about a conniving junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-1256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

HARVEY: James Stewart, Josephine Hull, and that rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

MACBETH—Michael Redgrave as the doomed Scot, and Flora Robson as his lady. Produced by Theatre Incorporated and Brian Doherty, and directed by Norris Houghton. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

ALLEGRO—An elaborate account of thirty-five years in a man's life, which might have made

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THE NEW YORKER

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a pretty soap opera. Richard Rodgers' songs are better than Oscar Hammerstein's book and Agnes de Mille's dances, but even they are somewhat disappointing. The principals are Annamary Dickey, John Battles, John Conte, Roberta Jones, and Lisa Kirk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ANGEL IN THE WINGS—Six of the nineteen numbers in this revue contain the Hartmans, and these are all wonderful. The other sketches, which involve Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae, and Peter Hamilton, are fairly routine, but perhaps it doesn't matter. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE D'OLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY—Martyn Green and Darrell Fancourt, both old favorites, have come back with a fine company in this repertory of Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. "Iolanthe" will run through Saturday, April 3, followed by three weeks of "The Mikado." (New Century, Seventh Ave. at 50th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HIGH BUTTON SHOES—Nanette Fabray's piercing birdcalls and Jerome Robbins' preposterous Mack Sennett ballet are the high points here, but it is all quite good sport. With Phil Silvers, Joey Faye, Jack McCauley, and Mark Dawson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LOOK, MA, I'M DANCIN'!—The ballet is the butt of most of the jokes in this comedy, and Nancy Walker delivers them hilariously. Jerome Robbins has arranged a couple of nice dances, though by no means his best; Hugh Martin is responsible for the songs; and in the cast are Harold Lang, Janet Reed, Katharine Sergava, and Alice Pearce. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MAKE MINE MANHATTAN—This revue offers at least two superlatively funny numbers and some others that are funny enough. David Burns and Sid Caesar are the leading comics. Arnold B. Horwitt wrote the book, and Richard Levine turned out the songs. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6690. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

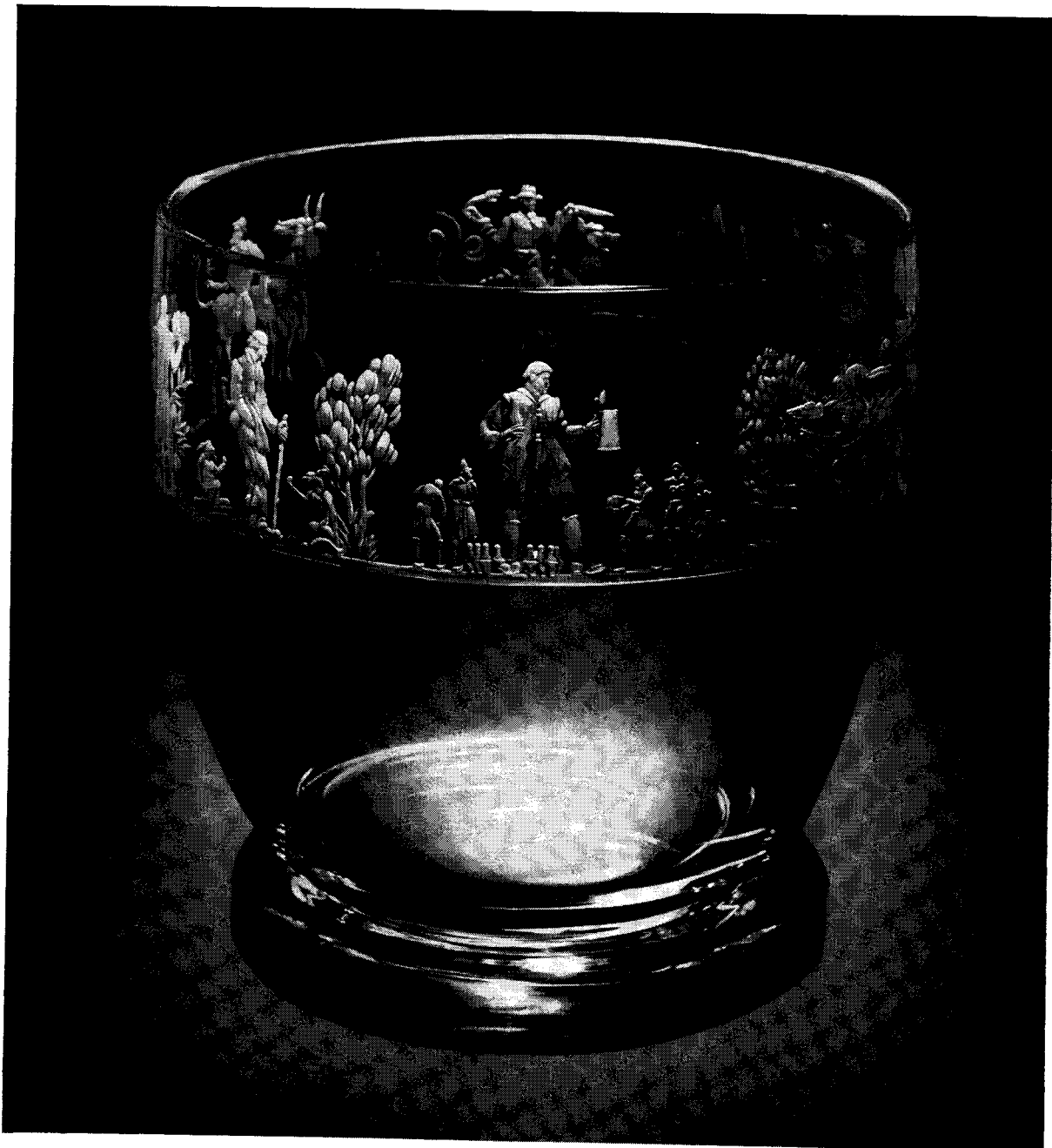
LONG RUNS—ANNIE GET YOUR GUN: Ethel Merman as the lady sharpshooter. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) **BRIGADOON**: Melodie Scottish whimsy. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) **FINIAN'S RAINBOW**: A leprechaun in the Deep South. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) **OKLAHOMA!**: Grandpa himself. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:30; Sunday evenings at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's perennial basket party. (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6811. Opens Wednesday evening, April 7, at 8:30. Performances daily thereafter at 2:30 and 8:30. The doors open at 1:30 and 7:30, for the benefit of those who like to amble around among the sideshows in the basement.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

BALLET THEATRE—Opening performances—Sunday evening, April 4: "Theme and Variations," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Tally-Ho," and "Gala Performance." ... Tuesday evening, April 6: "Princess Aurora," "Billy the Kid," and "Helen of Troy." ... Wednesday evening, April 7: "Giselle" and "Fancy Free." ... Thursday evening, April 8: "Billy the Kid," "Aleko," and "Les Patineurs." ... Friday evening, April 9: "Swan Lake,"



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Romeo and Juliet," and "Theme and Variations."...**¶** Saturday matinee, April 10: "Swan Lake," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Les Patineurs."...**¶** Saturday evening, April 10: "Princess Aurora," "Billy the Kid," and "Helen of Troy." (Metropolitan Opera House, PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:30. Matinee at 2:30.)

PEARL PRIMUS—With her group. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday evening, April 10, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, unless otherwise noted.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—In the Trianon Room, the orchestra of Lary Siry, one of Park Avenue's earliest and most prominent settlers. A rumba band, too. No dancing on Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Larry Green's and Charles Turecchio's orchestras provide a practically continuous musicale in the lofty Bowman Room. Closed Sundays.

DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—A precarious compromise between the "Hour of Charm" and a Shubert operetta (minus all three gags). The sardonic dances of Mata and Hari and the dance music of Billy Banks' band help a good deal, though.

LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—As much of a fixture in Ivy League curricula as the Senior Prom, and often a dead ringer for it. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's cheerful orchestras. Closed Sundays.

MONTÉ CARLO, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—It all goes to show what can happen when you turn a decorator loose with \$9,673.481. Peter Walters is at the piano during cocktails and dinner, and Joel Shaw's orchestra and José Mora's rumba band play for dancing afterward.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—An up-to-date version of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon (not the Long Island one), with air-conditioning and other conveniences, including Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room offers a well-behaved show at dinner and supper. Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays. **¶** A small orchestra plays for tea dancing daily and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—In the Persian Room, everyone within reach is apt to get into Hildegard's act. Joel Heron's and Mark Monte's orchestras. Closed Sundays. **¶** In the Rendez-Vous Room, which is a deep curtsy to the "Merry Widow" days, there is high-style dining and dancing to the music of Payson Ré's and Nycola Matthey's orchestras. Closed Mondays.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Emery Deutsch's decorous orchestra during dinner in the Oval Room; no dancing.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the resplendent Iridium Room, debutante-party music by Hal Saunders' orchestra and Fifty-second Street music by Johnny Guarneri's trio. Closed Sundays. **¶** The handsome little Maisonette has two dance orchestras and Frances Maddux's musings on life in the upper brackets. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra supplies dance music in the Café Lounge for a glossy clientele. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Boys will be boys, and girls will be girls, and this is the place to see how it's done. Ernie Warren's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing on Sunday afternoons.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The stately Carl Brisson, pursuing the even tenor of his way through a very polite repertory. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing after nine.

WALLROBE ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL

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tory sheaf of songs, and Robert Lamouret, with a prop duck, are in the Sert Room at supertime, and there is dancing all evening to the neat orchestras of Emil Coleman and (at the supper hour) Mischa Borr. No show Sundays. **¶** Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Except on Sundays, Cy Walter plays intricate piano after nine o'clock, and Les Crosley does the honors at cocktails and dinner. **... COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and a trio play for dancing in this comfortable nook. Closed Sundays. **... DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): A sumptuous setting for the piano music of Les Crosley, after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. **... 1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' circumspect piano music. Closed Mondays. **... BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In the implausible starlight, Earl Fox plays the piano after ten-thirty. No music Sundays. **... CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Piano by Bunty Pendleton at the cocktail hour, and by Harry Taylor after nine. Closed Sundays. **... LITTLE CASINO**, 243 Sullivan St. (OR 4-0583): Jimmy Daniels, presiding over a tiny *boite* that should remind you of the last time you saw Paris. Garland Wilson and Norene Tate at the piano, and Mae Barnes, chanting in a very audible fashion. Closed Mondays. **... PENTHOUSE**, 30 W. 59th St. (PL 9-3561): Starting Wednesday, April 7, Maxine Sullivan will sing here after eleven in the evening. **... LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A throwback to the twenties, with gypsy music at dinner and the Sonny Kendis Trio after ten. **... CAFÉ JAMES**, 42 E. 50th St. (PL 9-3696): Libby Holman, sombrely intoning folk songs, and Cass Harrison, tinkering expertly with his piano. Closed Sundays. **... ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): An old-timer still going strong. Jacques Thaler rambles along at the piano after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. **... CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Russian hillbilly merriment, together with Western Hemisphere dance music. Closed Mondays. **... EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American tumult, interrupted only when the customers indulge in a spot of dancing themselves. Closed Sundays. **... ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Patricia Bright, impersonating a few celebrities, and songs by Tony Craig.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Jerry Lester, back from Florida with several heaping handfuls of Manhattan gags, along with Carl Ravazza and those lush Copacabana showgirls. On Thursday, April 8, a new show, involving Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, and



Vivian Blaine. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DIRECTOIRE, 128 E. 58th St. (MU 8-2150): Kay Thompson in what amounts to a one-woman musical comedy, valiantly aided by the Williams Brothers, Ted Straeter's knowledgeable band, and a stage that slithers down the back wall like Count Dracula. Opens for dancing at eight-thirty. **... BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Subconscious handspings by Alice Pearce, plus a visit to prewar London with Douglas Byng, and a glimpse of the Calypso region of the Caribbean with Josephine Premice. The Ellis Larkin Trio is on hand, too. **... RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): The show here includes Mervyn Nelson, whose humor is largely for grownups, and Daphne Hellman, whose interlude at the harp is a bit more decorous. Closed Sundays. **... VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Paula Drake, a young lady with a rowdy but funny turn of mind, gives way on Friday, April 2, to Mary McCarty, an engaging young humorist. Melrose Colbert and her torch songs, and dancing to the music of the Cedric Wallace Trio, to be replaced on Friday, April 2, by the Ram Ramirez Trio. Closed Sundays. **... SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy and her ageless songs-about-town. Closed Sundays. **... CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): The show, which includes Timmie Rogers as its comedian and Ginnie Powell as its singer, is less important than the dance music. Opens at eight-thirty for dancing to Ed Hall's orchestra and Cliff Jackson's piano music. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, the Vesuvius of the trumpet, along with Joe Sullivan, Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, and other top-grade performers. Tuesday nights are uninhibited free-for-alls, when other masters of the art drop in to take a hand. Closed Sundays. **... NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Not exactly the ball of fire it used to be, but it still has Billy Butterfield, Jess Stacy, and Pee Wee Russell. Sunday afternoon is visitors' hour here. Closed Mondays. **... JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio, which can set up quite a hue and cry, and Chippie Hill, doing her finger-and-lyric-snapping act; dancing. A jam session every Sunday afternoon. **... CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Wilbur de Paris's new septet, which includes Sidney de Paris and Buster Bailey, sprinkling Childs' familiar hot griddle cakes with hot harmonies; dancing. No music on Mondays. **... THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Charlie Parker and his band.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Buddy Moreno's orchestra. On Mondays, dance music until nine by a fill-in orchestra. **... ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Ted Steele's orchestra. No dancing on Mondays, and only after ten on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. **... NEW YORKER**, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (ME 3-1000): Shep Fields' orchestra and an ice show. **... PENNSYLVANIA**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Dick Jurgens' orchestra. Closed Sundays. **... ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Lawrence Welk's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

ARTISTS EQUITY—Fourteen group shows presented for the benefit of Artists Equity's welfare fund. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.; Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; Grand Central, 55 E. 57th St.; Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.; Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; Luyber, 112 E. 57th St.; Macbeth, 11 E. 57th St.; Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; Milch, 55 E. 57th St.; New-Age, 133 E. 46th St.; Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.;



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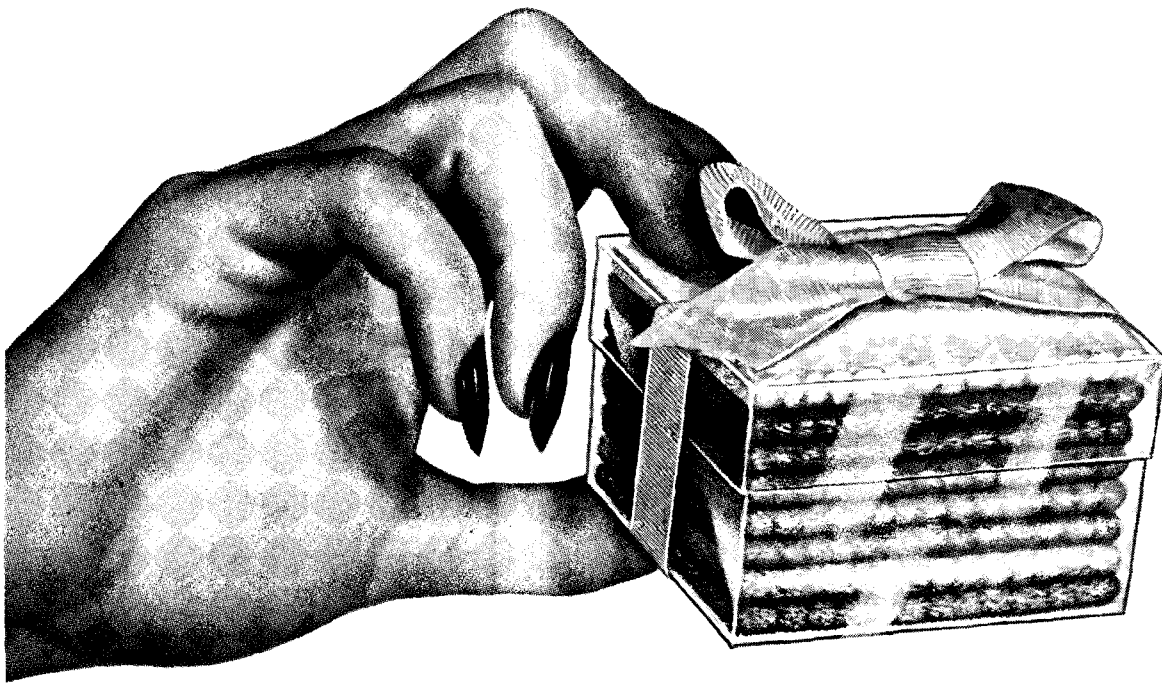
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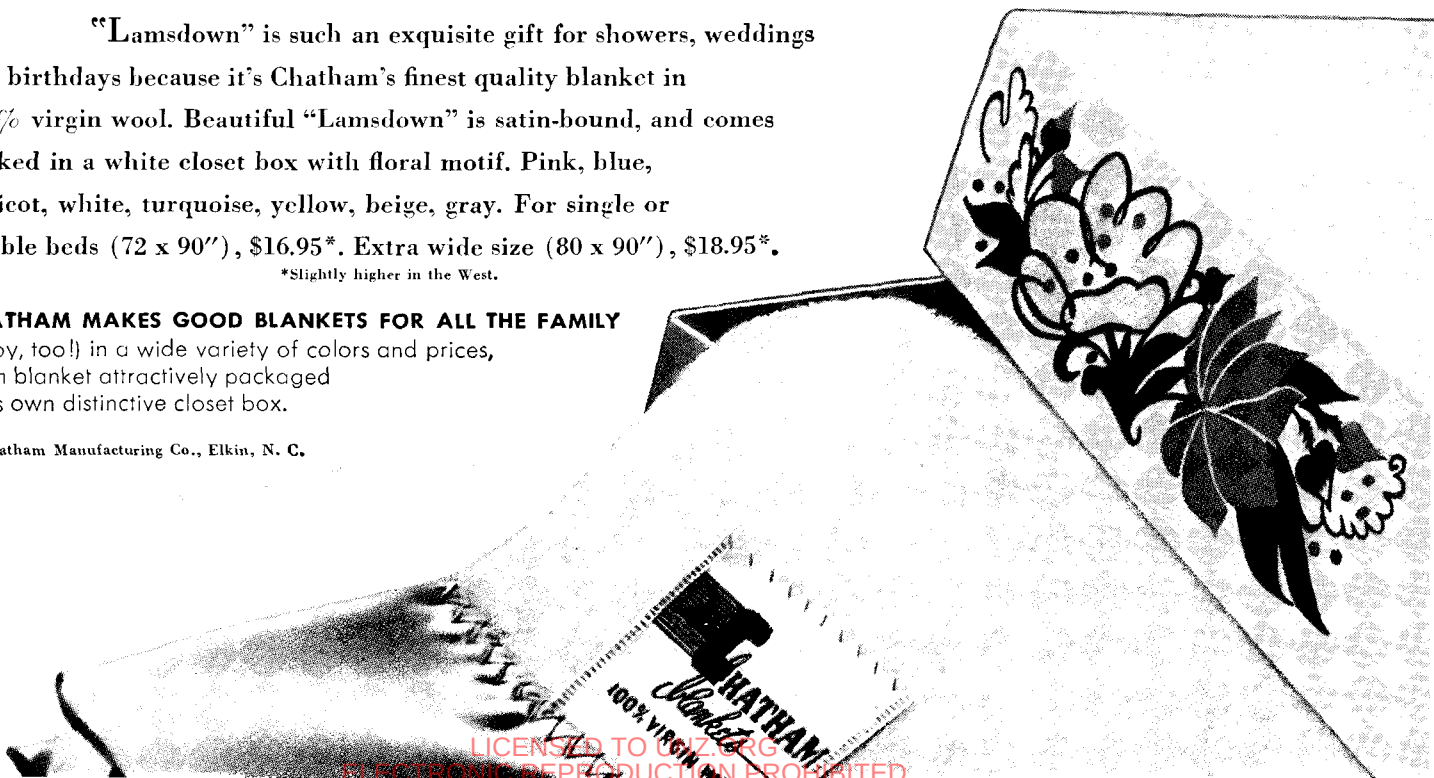
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; all through April 3.)

STEPHEN C. CLARK COLLECTION—A public showing of paintings by Cézanne, Eakins, Copley, van Gogh, and many others, in one of the country's most impressive private collections; a benefit for the St. John's Fresh Air Association Fund, 146 E. 70th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 1-3, from 3 to 6 p.m.)

HONORÉ DAUMIER—A hundred and twenty privately owned prints, (French Consular Service, 934 Fifth Ave., at 75th St.; through April 10.)

DRAWINGS—Small pieces by Fragonard, Rowlandson, Dali, and other, equally varied artists, (Delius, 116 E. 57th St.; through April 2.)

ANTONIO FRASCONI—Oils and color prints that sometimes convey considerable emotional tension, by a Uruguayan artist, (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through April 15.)

MORRIS GRAVES—Paintings in tempera on archaic Oriental themes, as impeccable in style as they are tenuous in suggestion, (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through April 10.)

JACQUES LIPCHITZ—New sculptures, more compact in organization than his previous works, balanced by a nice group of his early Cubist pieces, (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through April 17.)

EDOUARD MANET—An unusually thoroughgoing loan exhibition of his paintings and other works, for the benefit of the New York Infirmary, (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through April 3.)

MIRÓ—Paintings, 1923 to 1946, in a showing that reveals his animated fancy at just about its best, (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through April 10.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 80th St.—The 122nd annual of paintings, sculptures, water colors, and black-and-whites, and rather livelier than usual, though non-members are responsible for most of the perkiness, (Daily, 1 to 5 p.m.; through April 14.)

PICASSO—A handsome display of paintings, drawings, and gouaches in a sort of casual retrospective, which centers on his work during the nineteen-twenties and thirties, (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through April 17.)

LASAR SEGALL—A first exhibit, of soundly handled paintings and other works, by a Russian-born artist now living in Brazil, (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through April 10.)

GIANFILIPPO USELLINI—Adroitly humorous little Surrealist fantasies by an Italian painter new to this country, (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57th St.; through April 10.)

MAURICE UTRILLO—Work done in the last ten years, (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.; through April 10.)

MUSEUMS

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective showing of works by Naum Gabo and Antoine Pevsner, two brothers who were among the founders of the Constructivist school of non-objective sculpture, (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 p.m.; and Sundays, 1 to 7 p.m.; through April 25.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 80th St.—Paintings by Kandinsky, Hilla Rebay, and others, recently installed in an elegant new setting, (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 p.m.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The Museum has inaugurated a policy of occasional one-man showings with an excellently organized retrospective of works by Yasuo Kuniyoshi, (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 p.m.; through May 9.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Thursday evening, April 1: "Tosca."... Friday evening, April 2:



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Pelléas and Mélisande," with Maggie Teyte. ... ♪ Saturday evening, April 3: "La Traviata." ... ♪ Sunday matinée, April 4: "La Bohème." ... ♪ Sunday evening, April 4: "Carmen." ... ♪ Wednesday evening, April 7: "Don Giovanni." ... ♪ Thursday evening, April 8: "The Old Maid and the Thief" and "Amelia Goes to the Ball." ... ♪ Friday evening, April 9: "Rigoletto." ... ♪ Saturday evening, April 10: "Tosca." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinée at 2:30.)

LEMONADE OPERA—Friday and Saturday matinees, April 2-3, at 2:40: "Hansel and Gretel," in English. ... ♪ Friday and Saturday evenings, April 2-3, at 8:40: "La Serva Padrona" and "Hansel and Gretel," both in English. (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. CH 2-9360 or WA 9-4868.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Leopold Stokowski conducting: Thursday evening, April 1, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, April 2, at 2:30; Saturday evening, April 3, at 8:45; and Sunday afternoon, April 4, at 3 (no soloists). ... ♪ Bruno Walter conducting: Thursday evening, April 8, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, April 9, at 2:30 (both with Vladimir Horowitz, piano).

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS—Robert Shaw directing Bach's "The Passion According to St. John," with Suzanne Bloch, lute, and others. (Carnegie Hall, Monday evening, April 5, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK LITTLE SYMPHONY—Joseph Baroné conducting. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Friday evening, April 9, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 60th St. Thursday evening, April 1, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-8400.)

HENRI DEERING—Piano. (Town Hall, Thursday evening, April 1, at 8:30.)

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ—Piano. (Carnegie Hall, Friday evening, April 2, at 8:30.)

HENRIETTE MICHELSON—Piano. (Town Hall, Saturday afternoon, April 3, at 2:30.)

JOSEPH SZIGETI—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. GR 3-1391. Saturday evening, April 3, at 8:15.)

GREGOR PIATIGORSKY—Cello. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 543. Saturday evening, April 3, at 8:30.)

GEORGE NEIKRUG—Cello. (Town Hall, Monday evening, April 5, at 8:30.)

MILTON KATINS AND NADIA REISENBERG—Viola and piano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-1048. Monday evening, April 5, at 8:40.)

CHAMBER MUSIC—Leonid Hambro, piano; Julius Hegyi, violin; Lois Wann, oboe; and others. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Tuesday evening, April 6, at 8:30.)

WANDA LANDOWSKA—Harpsichord, in the last of three recitals. (Town Hall, Saturday afternoon, April 10, at 3.)

ROBERT GOLDSAND—Piano, in the last of three recitals. (Town Hall, Saturday afternoon, April 10, at 5:30.)

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERT—Lionel Hampton and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall, Saturday evening, April 10, at 11:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—Paddy DeMarco vs. Terry Young, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Friday, April 2. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

HOCKEY—Stanley Cup Matches. (Madison Square Garden, Tentative, Sunday, April 4, at 8:30 P.M.)

HORSE SHOW—Squadron A Show. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

9-6020. Friday, April 9, at 9 A.M., and Saturday, April 10, at 8:30 A.M.)

HUNT RACING—Deep Run Hunt Club. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 3.) ... **☛** Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 10.) ... **☛** My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 10.)

RACING—At Jamaica—Weekdays at 1:30 P.M. The Paumonok Handicap, April 1; the Experimental Free Handicap No. 1, April 3; the Experimental Free Handicap No. 2, April 10. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mondays through Fridays between 11:15 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN

PLAYS—Children's World Theatre: "Rumpelstiltskin." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Thursday through Sunday, April 1-4, and Saturday, April 10, at 2:30 P.M. For tickets, call WA 4-0722.) "Little Red Riding Hood." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-1048. Thursday and Friday, April 1-2, at 2:30 P.M.) ... **☛** Children's Drama Guild: Thursday, April 1, at 2:30 P.M., "Rumpelstiltskin" and "The Sleeping Beauty;" Friday, April 2, at 2:30 P.M., "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. For tickets, call CH 4-1943.) ... **☛** Junior Dramatic Workshop of the Walt Whitman School: "Midsummer Night's Dream Interlude," directed by Maria Ley-Piscator. (Walt Whitman School, 25 E. 78th St. Sunday, April 4, at 2:30 P.M. For tickets, call RE 4-0004, Ext. 11.)

CONCERT—Leopold Stokowski conducting the Philharmonic-Symphony in a program for young people. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, April 10, at 11 A.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, about two hundred visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments; about fifty may attend the open meetings of the Interim Committee of the General Assembly. For tickets for any of these groups, call Ffieldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, early in the morning of the day you want to go. Frequent trains from Penn Station to Great Neck are met by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

PRESS PHOTOGRAPHERS SHOW—The annual exhibition of camerawork by newspaper photographers and pretty much the mixture as before. (Veterans' Center, 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. Daily, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.)

AUCTIONS—At the PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES, 30 E. 57th St.: Eighteenth-century French porcelains, from the collection of Mrs. H. Dupuy. (Exhibition, Thursday, April 1, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday, April 2-3, at 2 P.M.) ... **☛** Books, including Shaw, Wells, and Dickens first editions, from the libraries of M. H. Kimball, the late Andrew M. Williams, and others. (Exhibition, Thursday through Saturday, April 1-3, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Monday, April 5, at 8 P.M., and Tuesday, April 6, at 2 and 8 P.M.) ... **☛** Chinese porcelain, pottery, and art objects, collected by Irving Miller and others. (Exhibition, Saturday, April 3, and Monday and Tuesday, April 5-6, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Wednesday and Thursday, April 7-8, at 2 P.M.) ... **KENDE GALLERIES**, at Gimbel's, Broadway at 33rd St.: Modern oils, water colors, and drawings, by such artists as Picasso, Gris, Degas, and Sisley, owned by Mrs. Morris Hillquit. (Auction, Thursday, April 1, at 8 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ROUND TABLE—Pandit Nehru, in India, and Wellington Koo, in Washington, discussing world government. Sunday, April 4, at 11:30 P.M., WNBC.

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC....

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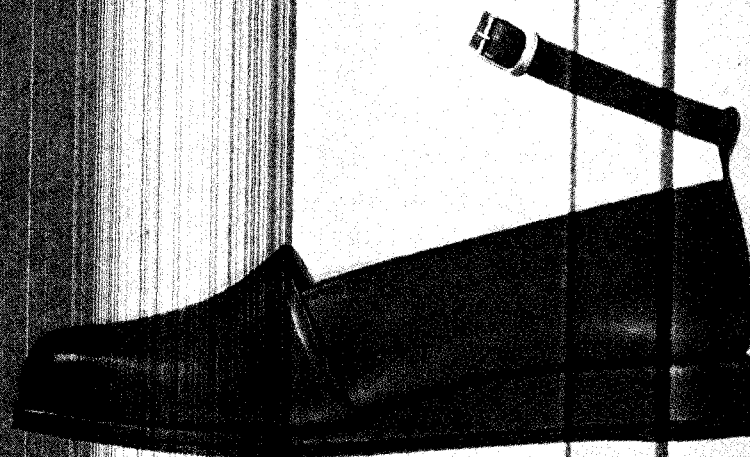
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

be heard Mondays through Fridays, at 6:45 P.M. over WNYC and at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA.

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Sunday, April 4, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Saturday, April 3, at 5 P.M., WCBS. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Tuesday, April 6, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Detroit Symphony, Karl Krueger conducting, Sunday, April 4, at 7 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Saturday, April 3, at 6:15 P.M., WNBC. . . . B.B.C. Symphony, Sir Thomas Beecham conducting, Sunday, April 4, at 5 P.M., WINS. . . . Montreal Symphony, Désiré Defauw conducting, Saturday, April 3, at 3 P.M., WNBC. . . . Ezio Pinza, bass, Monday, April 5, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

DRAMA CRITICS' CIRCLE—John Mason Brown presenting the annual Award, plus a scene from the winning play, Sunday, April 4, at 2 P.M., WOR.

SPORTS—Racing: The Experimental Free Handicap No. 1, from Jamaica, Saturday, April 3, at 4 P.M., WCBS, WOR.

TELEVISION—Newsreel, daily, except Saturdays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT. . . . "Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, April 4, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Saturday, April 3, at 6:15 P.M., WNBT. . . . Scenes from and backstage views of "Mister Roberts," Tuesday, April 6, at 7 P.M., WCBS. . . . The Circus, from Madison Square Garden, Wednesday, April 7, at 8:30 P.M., WCBS. . . . Boxing: Paddy DeMarco vs. Terry Young, Friday, April 2; preliminaries begin at 9:15 P.M., WNBT. . . . Hockey: Stanley Cup Matches, tentative, Sunday, April 4, at 8:30 P.M., WCBS.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

BASEBALL—Exhibition games: Yankees vs. Dodgers, at Yankee Stadium, April 18; Dodgers vs. Montreal, at Ebbets Field, April 14-15; Dodgers vs. Yankees, at Ebbets Field, April 16-17. . . . Official League games: Yankees vs. Boston, at Yankee Stadium, April 23; Giants vs. Dodgers, at the Polo Grounds, April 20; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, at Ebbets Field, April 23.

HUNT RACING—Virginia Gold Cup Association, (Warrenton, Va. April 17.) . . . Grand National Point-to-Point, (Butler, Md. April 17.) . . . Maryland Hunt Cup Association, (Glyndon, Md. April 24.) . . . Whitmarsh Valley Hunt Club, (Flourtown, Pa. May 1.) . . . Radnor Hunt Club, (Malvern, Pa. May 8.)

RACING—At Jamaica, through May 15. . . . Pinhook, May 3 through May 15; the Preakness, May 15. . . . Churchill Downs, April 24 through May 15; the Kentucky Derby, May 1.

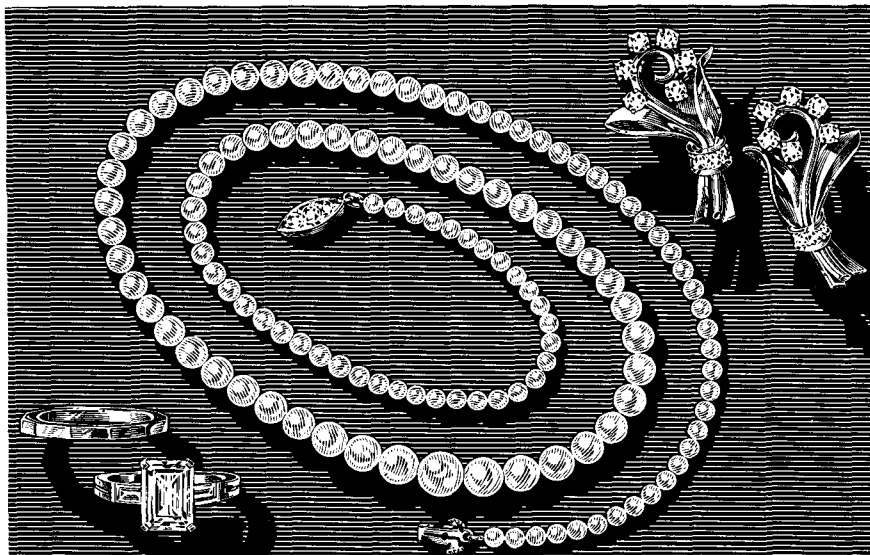
MUSIC—At **CARNEGIE HALL**: The Philharmonic-Symphony season ends on April 18. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, April 14 and 17. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting a benefit program, April 26. . . . Carnegie Pop Concerts start May 1 and will continue, nightly, except Sundays, through June 6. . . . **CENTER THEATRE**: The San Carlo Opera Company, April 14-25.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open during the next four or five weeks: Elisabeth Bergner in "The Cup of Trembling," a play by Louis Paul. . . . "Inside U.S.A.," a musical revue headed by Beatrice Lillie and Jack Haley. The music is by Arthur Schwartz, the lyrics by Howard Dietz, and Moss Hart wrote some of the sketches. . . . "Hold It!" a musical comedy with a cast including Red Buttons, Jean Darling, and Johnny Downs. . . . Louis Calhern in P. G. Wodehouse's adaptation of Molnar's "The Play's the Thing." . . . A revival of the Guy Bolton musical "Sally," with Willie Howard and Bambi Linn in the leading roles.

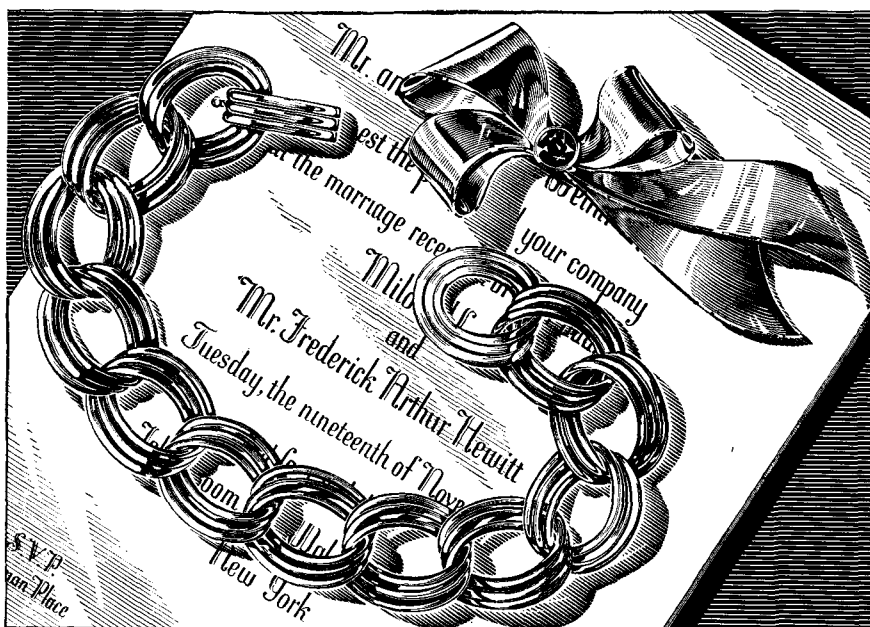
OTHER DATES—Narcissus Show, at the Horticultural Society, April 21-22. . . . State income-tax returns due April 15.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

ALL MY SONS—An adaptation of the Arthur Miller play that won the Drama Critics' Circle Award in 1947. The picture has a solid dramatic impact after it has got past a few fumbling initial scenes. It deals with the danger of trying to make profits out of shoddy materials in wartime. The cast includes Mady Christians, Edward G. Robinson, Burt Lancaster, and Louisa Horton. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, BR 9-3839.)

BLACK NARCISSUS—This story of nuns in the Himalayas, from the Rumer Godden novel, is a hard one for the movies to handle, but there is some extraordinary Technicolor camera-work, and the cast, which includes David Farrar, Deborah Kerr, and Sabu, is uncommonly good. An English picture. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through April 4. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through April 7. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting April 7.)

CAPTAIN BOYCOTT—A lively British account of how the folk in County Mayo solved their rent problem in the eighteen-thirties and forced the name of their landlord into the language. The film has an accomplished Anglo-Irish cast, headed by Stewart Granger and Kathleen Ryan. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; starting April 7.)

FANNY—The last part of Marcel Pagnol's trilogy dealing with some rowdy residents of Marseille. A soundly diverting French film, which was made about ten years ago and has as its star the great actor Raimu. (Elysée, 202 W. 58th, PL 7-4294.)

FARREBIQUE—A study of French farm life that gets under way slowly but soon arouses a pretty intense interest in agrarian matters. The actors are French peasants. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT—A Hollywood assault on anti-Semitism that, unfortunately, never squares off to the subject. The cast includes Gregory Peck, John Garfield, and Dorothy McGuire, who are often compelled to forgo acting for preaching. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE—Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, and Melvyn Douglas have a fine time in this film portraying the housing difficulties, urban and rural, of people in and around Manhattan. Funny stuff, based on the book by Eric Hodgins. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642.)

PAISAN—An arresting account, in six episodes, of some of the results of the invasion of Italy. Directed, with vast skill, by Roberto Rossellini, who created "Open City." The

cast is made up mostly of amateurs, who employ English, Italian, and German in their dialogue. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

THE PEARL—An adaptation of the Steinbeck story about a fisherman who strikes it rich by discovering a pearl. Photographically superb, but rather languid dramatically. The Mexican cast, which speaks English throughout, is impressively sincere. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

THE SEARCH—A glimpse of the awful results of war upon the lives of the children of Europe. As a small, stricken Czechoslovakian boy, Ivan Jandl, a nine-year-old refugee from Prague, is utterly convincing, and the professionals who surround him—Aline MacMahon, Montgomery Clift, and Jarmila Novotna—are first-rate, too. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, PL 7-4966.)

SHOE SHINE—The simply told tragedy of two Roman boys who get mixed up in the city's black market during the American occupation. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370.)

SITTING PRETTY—Some of the more peculiar aspects of baby-sitting, with Clifton Webb as a gelid but comic guardian of a brood of rowdy little ones, and Richard Haydn as a neighborhood nuisance. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000; through April 6.)

TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE—John Huston's film that proves that gold doesn't always bring happiness to those who find it. Walter Huston lends distinction to the picture by his stylish portrait of an old prospector. Humphrey Bogart and Tim Holt are also on hand. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 3. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 4. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 2-4. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; April 2-5. . . . ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting April 5.)

VOLPONE—A Gallic version of Ben Jonson's comedy about an antic miser, which is one of the funniest movies in years. In the title role, the late Harry Baur is altogether hilarious, and he is given marvellous sup-

port by Louis Jouvet and the others in the cast. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

REVIVALS

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD (1938)—Errol Flynn as the outlaw. With Olivia de Havilland, Basil Rathbone, and Technicolor. (Warner, B'way at 51st, CI 7-5545; through April 6.)

BAMBI (1942)—Walt Disney's interpretation of the Felix Salten story. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8000; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 6-9801; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting April 7.)

BLITHE SPIRIT (1945)—Ghostly nonsense cooked up by Noel Coward. An English picture, with Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Constance Cummings. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 5-7.)

THE CAPTIVE HEART (1947)—Allied soldiers in a German prison camp. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting April 6.)

DARK WATERS (1944)—Creepy doings in the Louisiana bayou country. Merle Oberon and Franchot Tone. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 5-7.)

THE FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS (1941)—Marlene Dietrich as a wicked siren. Also with Roland Young and Bruce Cabot. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; April 5-6. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2106; April 6.)

LADY IN DISTRESS (1942)—British melodrama concerning a mechanic and a magician. Paul Lukas and Michael Redgrave. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting April 6.)

OPEN CITY (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground. In Italian. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; April 1.)

THE SEVENTH VEIL (1945)—Excellent music and a dash of psychiatry. An English film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; April 2-5.)

TRADE WINDS (1939)—South Seas adventure. Joan Bennett and Fredric March. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; April 5-6.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Through April 4: "The Blue Angel" (1930), in German, with Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings. . . . ¶ Starting April 5: "Queen Kelly" (1931), an unfinished film directed by Erich von Stroheim. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

THE BIG HOUSES

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"The Naked City," Barry Fitzgerald.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
ALL MY SONS.

GLOBE, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
Through April 2: "Adventures of Casanova," Arturo De Cordova, Lucille Bremer, Turhan Bey.
From April 3: "Close-up," Alan Baxter, Virginia Gilmore.

GOTHAM, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
"Bill and Co," all-bird cast.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-1600)
"I Remember Mama," Irene Dunne, Barbara Bel Geddes, Oscar Homolka.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"Tarzan and the Mermaids," Johnny Weissmuller.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Saigon," Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake.

REVOLI, B'way at 40th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Miracle of the Bells," Fred MacMurray, ...

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through April 6: **SITTING PRETTY.**
From April 7: "Scudda-Hoo! Scudda-Hay!", June Haver, Lon McCallister.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through April 6: "B.F.'s Daughter," Barbara Stanwyck, Van Heflin.
From April 7: To be announced.

STRAND, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"April Showers," Jack Carson, Ann Sothorn, Robert Alda.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-4966)
THE SEARCH.

WARNER, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
Through April 6: **THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD**, revival.
From April 7: "Winter Meeting," Bette Davis.

WINTER GARDEN, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"Man of Evil," James Mason, Phyllis Calvert, Stewart Granger.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

AMBASSADOR, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
VOLPONE.

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
FARREBIQUE.

AVENUE PLAYHOUSE, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
Through April 4: "The Raven" (in French), Pierre Fresnay.
From April 5: "Angelina" (in Italian), Anna Magnani.

BIJOU, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
"Mr. Orchid" (in French), Noël-Noël.

ELYSÉE, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
FANNY.

5TH AVE. PLAYHOUSE, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
Through April 2: "Les Enfants du Paradis" (in French), revival.
From April 3: "The Barber of Seville" (in Italian), revival Ferruccio Tagliavini.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Die Fledermaus" (in German).

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
"Jenny Lamour" (in French), Louis Jouvet.

PARK AVENUE, Park at 50th. (PL 9-7212)
"The Mill on the Floss," revival, James Mason, Geraldine Fitzgerald.

RIALTO, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
"The Smugglers," Michael Redgrave, Jean Kent.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
THE PEARL.

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
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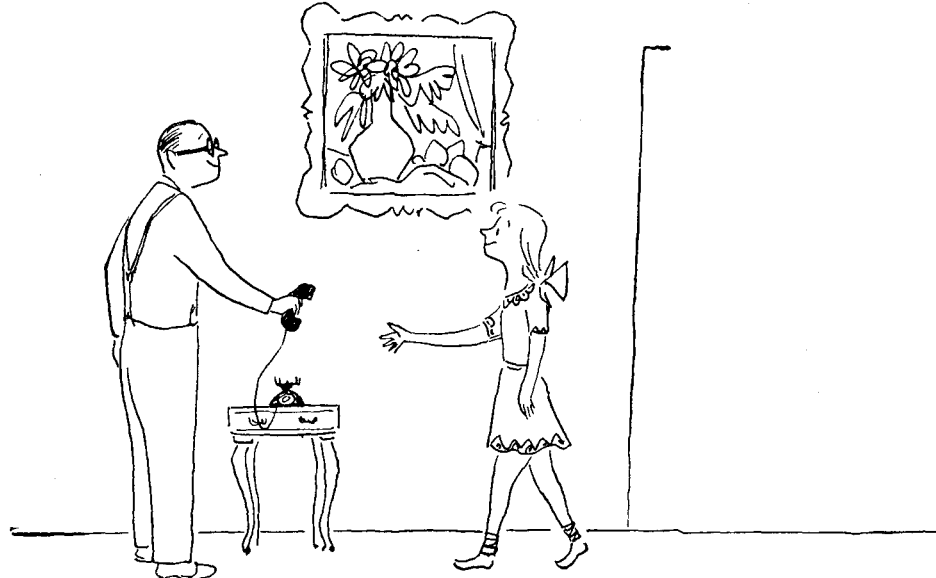


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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE resurrection is visible in the back yard in the green spear breaking ground, and it is audible in the choirs in the churches. The sparrow selects a piece of dull string for the resurrection; the stroller selects a bright necktie. The zealot overhauls his set of ideas and finds rebirth in running his fingers through them, as the gardener takes strength from touching the earth. The theme of freedom emerges like a woodchuck after a long winter of cold and crisis, and is reborn under sombre skies.

OUT at Lake Success, the peepers celebrate love and the unity of earth, the talkers celebrate hate and division. Professor Cantril, of Princeton, has been named by Unesco to inquire into tensions and to study ways to stimulate respect among nations for each other's ideals. He will examine influences that predispose toward nationalism. He will be a busy man. Almost everything one reads and hears these days predisposes toward nationalism; only the peepers and the green spears publish the universal theme. The nation steams like a cup of hot coffee, and the patriot's spectacles become fogged, so that he sees nothing except through the mind's eye, merely feels the strong, warm liquid going into his stomach, stimulating his glands.

IN Town Hall the other night, at a radio forum, we heard a man in the audience address the moderator: "Isn't it true, sir, that in the last analysis this boils down to the old struggle between freedom and tyranny?" All around him heads nodded gratefully, everyone relieved to have life clarified in a moment of revelation. Anti-Communism is strong drink. Already the lines are being drawn tighter; already fear produces symptoms of the very disease we hope to fight off: the preoccupation with

loyalty, the tightening of censorship, the control of thought by legislative committee, the readiness to impute guilt by association, the impatience with liberalism. The tyrant fear, pricking us to fight tyranny. This time, we suspect, there is more on the stage than the old familiar conflict between freedom and tyranny. The playwright is subtly ambitious and carries another theme along, and we are about to witness the death scene of nationalism to boot. This is the big act, and we who live in this decade are the favored few.

A WEEK or two ago, in *Life*, Dorothy Thompson published a letter she had from Jan Masaryk, whose suicide pointed the dilemma of millions of free-spirited men who find themselves in circumstances for which they feel partially responsible and from which they see no escape. The letter revealed Masaryk's self-doubts and his presentiment of the spiritual impasse toward which he was headed. It was dated November 15th. "I have been toying with the idea," he wrote, "to let myself go at one of the closing sessions of the General Assembly and call out a warning to all those self-centered nationalists assembled in the 'Flushing-Success' area. It is the question of timing that worries me."

He did not let himself go, and no one is wise enough to say whether his timing would have been good or bad. But most of us can feel something of the paralysis of that doubt, something of the pulsation of that intent.

THE essential antagonism between the Russian world and the Western world is in the emphasis each places on responsibility. Both capitalism and socialism accept certain responsibilities, avoid others. Socialism holds itself responsible to the people for the use and management of resources, and in so doing is likely to wind up (as it has in

Russia) by managing everything, including the citizen's private life, his thoughts, his arts, and his science. This is wholly repugnant to democratic capitalists, whose system accepts the responsibility for guarding civil liberties and is notably cavalier about private concentrations of economic power, despite the fact that the destinies of the people are tied up in them. And so the antagonism grows—each system both ambitious and fearful, largely because of the presence of the other. The argument about responsibility seems ready to boil over into a mess that, for utter irresponsibility, would make the gaudiest robber barons of capitalism and the most ruthless tyrants of Communism look like pikers.

THE question of responsibility is a pervasive one. The United Nations, lacking both money and force, and being merely a set of nations with their fingers crossed, has not been able to assume much responsibility for humanity. The "self-centered nationalists" whom Jan Masaryk hesitated to warn are not all of them deliberately self-centered, but the Charter offers little chance for any delegate to be anything but centered on self and nation.

We recommend to Professor Cantril, in his search for things that predispose toward nationalism, that he reexamine the principles of the Charter. The Charter specifies "coöperation." Yet small nations coöperate reluctantly and big nations do not coöperate at all. The Charter advertises "sovereign equality." But equality is a myth. A voting procedure based on equality is an exasperation to strong nations and not much comfort to weak ones. Ask any western European nation about its sovereign equality when the shadow of Russian expansion stretches across it from the east and the gleam of Ameri-



can dollars strikes it from the west. Ask the ghost of Masaryk. The Charter seeks collective security by the prevention of aggression, but nobody has ever figured out how to prevent aggression by disciplining nations, and we are all less secure, singly and collectively, than we were three years ago.

IT seems to us that the people of our country and of many other countries believe in the purposes of the United Nations but are baffled and discouraged by its principles. As long as we're an independent nation, we have to pursue a national policy. But if the people say so, our foreign policy can be broadened to express a universal principle even while acting to preserve a national ideal. Anti-Communism is our necessary foreign policy at the moment, but it is negative and it is incomplete. The long-term policy of the United States should be to end the anarchy of sovereign states and to build the government of free people. We ask the delegates to take a stroll some evening, leave the hall and go over to the lake, and listen to the lovesick little frog, *Hyla crucifer*, for the sound of the correct principle.

Tea Party

EMILY Post was our hostess at a tea party the other day, and we've never had a more decorous time. The affair was held at Mrs. Post's apartment, on East Seventy-ninth Street, to celebrate the publication of a revised edition of "The Personality of a House: The Blue Book of Home Charm," a Post book about architecture and interior decoration. We were presented to Mrs. Post, in a living room full of books and yellow flowers, by a willowy young lady from Funk & Wagnalls, her publishers. We plunked down next to Mrs. Post and Miss Margaret Elliott, a willowy young lady from the *World-Telegram*. "I love color more than anything," Mrs. Post was saying. "My favorite is a bright yellow-red. You have to be careful about blue. It's a cold and formal color, and different blues, however beautiful individually, can wreak ravages upon one another. Nothing makes me so miserable as offensive, muddy colors. I like to see the sun in the distance, but I can't bear to have it shine on me." "Mrs. Post, I'd like to present Mrs. Chase, of *Vogue*," said the young lady from Funk & Wagnalls. "Hello, Emily," said Mrs. Chase. "Why, Edna!" said Mrs. Post. "My very old friend! How nice of you to

come!" "I have a terrible cold," Mrs. Chase muttered, "but I *did* want to come to Emily's tea." Mrs. Post was wearing a black dress and black-horn-rimmed glasses. "I can make almost anything with my fingers," she said. "Slipcovers, for instance. I can't cook, but my son can. He's writing a cookbook. He's the best cook on earth. He's a real expert." She nodded in the direction of Edwin M. Post, a tall gentleman in his fifties. "I started cooking on my boat when I was a boy," he told Mrs. Chase. "And I think we all learned a lot about cooking during the war, when servants were so scarce. I dine with Mother once a week, on Mondays." "I wish Ilka would dine with *me* once a week," said Mrs. Chase, and gave Mr. Post an enraptured look. "My cook has just left," she said. "Would you like to cook for me?" Mr. Post smiled uneasily.

We went into the dining room, where Miss Mary Margaret McBride was pouring tea. "One lump and cream," we said. "This is the first time I've ever presided at a tea table," Miss McBride told us. "Mrs. Post just called me up and said she'd like me to pour. I said, 'Do you wear a hat?' She said it didn't matter." Miss McBride was wearing a white flower hat, and her hand seemed steady. She introduced us to Miss Jinx Falkenburg, who was sitting next to her. "I came here with a briefcase," Miss Falkenburg said. "I'm sure that's all wrong. I meant to check it somewhere, but I didn't have time. This is my eleventh water-cress sandwich. Won't you have one?" She presented us to a Mr. Allen Prescott, who runs the "New York Tonight" radio program. "Have you heard the latest news?" he asked us. "Hedda Hopper and Louella Parsons had lunch together yesterday!" "News is bad all over," said Mr. Joseph Margolies, the manager of Brentano's. Mrs. Post came in, took a cookie, and told an inquirer that the dining-room wallpaper, which depicted West Point, Niagara Falls, and the Natural Bridge of Virginia, had been designed by a Frenchman in Alsace-Lorraine. "That American flag has a ridiculous number of stripes," she said. Later she told us more about the wallpaper. It was printed abroad before the Franco-Prussian War. Then the plates were lost, and it became very rare. Subsequently, they were found, brought to

this country, and used extensively for further printings. Mrs. Post's paper is from the original printing, but she says you can't tell it from the later ones. She also told us that "The Personality of a House" is practically the story of a little house she owns in Edgartown, and that she wrote her etiquette book at the suggestion of Frank Crowninshield. "He told Mr. Duffy, of Funk & Wagnalls, that I had humor and heart, and knew the subject from A to Z," she said. "John O'Hara Cosgrave helped me with it. It took me ten months, working ten hours a day. It reflects all we know of decency and of ethics. In my mother's day, children used to get a tremendous training in manners, but they don't any more." Several of us followed Mrs. Post into her study, where she showed us a television set built into a table with a lacquer coating of Chinese red and gold. "Oh, my!" said Mr. Prescott. "The splinters I've got, crawling around the ground floor of television!"

Recommendation

IN the course of buying some tweeds in a shop on Madison Avenue, a lady of our acquaintance overheard one of the other customers urging the proprietor to look up a certain milliner on her next trip to London. "She has a shop quite near the Berkeley," the customer said, "and, my dear, she makes hats for the Queen and *all* that crowd."

Acting Mayor

VINCENT R. IMPELLITTERI, now acting as the Acting Mayor during Mayor O'Dwyer's absence from the city, is a dark, friendly, scholarly man given to sober suits, conservative neckwear, and gesturing with his right hand as he talks. As President of the City Council, he presides at Council meetings, which occur three or four times a month, and casts three votes at semi-monthly meetings of the Board of Estimate. The Board has sixteen votes—the Mayor has three, the Comptroller three, the President of the City Council three, the Borough Presidents of Manhattan and Brooklyn two each, the other B.P.s one apiece. Impellitteri presides over the Board of Estimate in the Mayor's absence and immediately succeeds to all other mayoral duties and rights except the power of appointment and the right to sign laws. Under the city charter, he gets the power of appointment after thirty consecutive days of mayoral absence and can sign laws after nine days. O'Dwyer was in the



West twelve days last April and May and sixteen days last December, and has now been gone since March 12th, and his stand-in has signed a few laws, but nothing very important. "I don't remember what they were," he told us when we called on him at City Hall last week. During his current acting-mayoralty, he has reviewed the St. Patrick's Day parade, leaving in the middle of it to greet President Truman at LaGuardia Field; welcomed de Valera, and ex-King Michael of Rumania and his mother, former Queen Helen; and written sixty or seventy letters to Governor Dewey, including one requesting him to veto the subway-fare bill. He showed Queen Helen through City Hall and discoursed on its architecture so eloquently that she called him up the next day and asked him to send her some photographs of it.

Even when the Mayor is in town, Mr. Impellitteri's day is a busy one. "People come to see me about various problems all morning," he said. "So far, I've managed to see everybody who's wanted to see me. Then it may be that I might have to dash out of here to the Municipal Building to preside over a meeting of the Board of Estimate's Committee on Acquisition and Disposition of City Property. This has charge of the acquisition and disposition of all real estate for the city—makes recommendations on the sale of buildings no longer needed by some city department and the purchase of others, which *are* needed. Then I might tear myself away from that meeting to go to some such lunch as the American Society of State Planning Officials, the National Marine Exposition, or the Brooklyn Sunday School Union. Then I might have to tear away to open up I Am an American Day, or receive out-of-town dignitaries in the name of the Mayor. I've greeted the Director General of the Mexican government's tourist department, representatives of the Lord Mayor of Sydney, Australia, and the Mayor of Buenos Aires, and the Boy Scouts of America. I greet them extemporaneously unless it's a solemn occasion. For example, if it's on the air, I have a prepared speech. Seven nights a week, I go to a public dinner. Sometimes I go to two or three the same evening. I'm very sick of chicken and turkey, especially turkey. I often get turkey seven or eight times in a row. I ran into it three times in one night once. I used to like turkey—at Thanksgiving. The Boy Scouts pitched tents in front of City Hall when I greeted them, and cooked *steak*. It was great."



"Next of kin?"

Mr. Impellitteri was born in 1900 in Isello, near Palermo, came here in 1901, served on a destroyer during the first World War, and graduated from Fordham Law in 1924. He put himself through law school by working nights at the Hotel Ansonia, first as a bellboy, later as night manager. He was with a law firm till 1929, when he became an Assistant D.A. He prosecuted many notorious murderers and robbers and personally extradited, from Vienna, Ivan Poderjay, the Yugoslav whose wife, Agnes Tufverson, disappeared and has never been heard of since. "Here's one of the damndest cases I ever had to prosecute," he said, consulting a book of clips. "Woman with six kids. Frankly, who in hell wants to send a woman with six kids to jail? Well, I sent her there. Grand larceny. She wrote me the evil spirits would take care of me." In 1938, Impellitteri became associated with Sam Leibowitz and defended a number of people, in some cases successfully. "We pleaded Robert Irwin guilty," he said. "He got ninety-nine years. We got one man off who'd shot a fellow's head off with a shotgun. Temporary insanity. It's im-

portant to defend the innocent. In the Rubel armored-car stickup, I defended Joseph Kress before a county judge named William O'Dwyer. Kress was convicted, the Appellate sustained it, but the Court of Appeals reversed it. My client was discharged. I really thought he was a victim of a frameup, but what do you think he did? He went out and helped stick up Frank Erickson." Impellitteri shook his head sadly.

Type Casting

A JOB-SEEKING actress advises us that as she was walking disconsolately in and out of theatrical managers' offices last week she came upon a notice tacked to the door of one of them. It said, "Will any boy, girl, or midget 4' 4" to 4' 7" who is willing to jump from a fourth-floor window into a police emergency-squad net please see Mr. Richards *at once*."

Tote Dat Bale

LAST Monday morning, we paid our first visit to the New York Cotton Exchange, at 60 Beaver Street, the old-



"It says so right here, page forty-three, under 'Germination Procedure.'"

est and largest cotton-futures market in the world, and, except for a faint ringing in the ears, which undoubtedly will soon pass, we are none the worse for it. When we reached the trading room, a palatial marble-and-mahogany chamber on the nineteenth floor of the Exchange Building, with a lofty coffered ceiling, a block-long blackboard, and a precipitous view of Governors Island, the market had just resoundingly opened. Crushed together, several deep, around a small circle of waist-high railing, which is the core of a depression, or saucer, in the middle of the room, at least a hundred already dishevelled traders were bobbing and baying without apparent restraint; intermittently there rose above their choleric cries the tintinnabulation of a brass gong and the thunder of a mighty gavel wielded by one of four jumpy clerks perched at a desk on a nearby rostrum. We placed ourself at once in the willing hands of Mr. John J. Scanlan, secretary of the Exchange. "Loudest-mouthed place on earth," he informed us in a practiced bellow. "Has been since the day we got started over on Pearl Street in 1870

Bound to be. Rule of the Exchange is all bids and offers must be made by open outcry. That means shouted. This isn't your la-de-da Stock Exchange. Man wants to buy or sell some May cotton at, say, thirty-three ninety-seven a pound, everybody in the ring that isn't stone-deaf knows about it. Only fair way. Here's what he does: Yells his delivery month and his price, and sticks out his hand. Number of fingers he's showing means the number of contracts—we call a hundred bales a contract—he wants to trade. Keeps yelling until he's made it or lost it. Fellow you see over there on the right with the blue badge on his coat, he's a floor reporter—there's four of them altogether in the ring—and he signals the transactions in his section up to the rostrum. Clerks phone the prices to the board boys, and they chalk them up. Had our biggest day in history last February 11th—close to eight hundred thousand bales. That took lung power."

Mr. Scanlan drew us down on an unyielding sofa near a rank of battered telephone booths and explained that the depression in the center of the room is called the ring and that the purpose of

the fenced-off circle in its center is to keep the traders from coalescing into an inextricable knot. He cocked an ear at the ring, shook his head, and observed, "Sounds like some of the boys are going hoarse. That's likely to happen on Mondays. Boys get out of practice over the weekend. Next to knowing cotton up, down, and sideways, a trader's greatest asset is his voice. Lot of the boys have taken singing lessons just to learn how to shout from the diaphragm. Voice holds up better, you know, if you can bounce it off the roof of your mouth and skip the vocal cords. Fact is, a trader who doesn't watch himself runs a good risk of developing a throat tumor. That's the occupational disease here. One of the boys is in the hospital right now for an operation on his vocal cords. Latest word, thank God, is he'll get his voice back.

Most of the boys won't even take a rest at noon. Have a sandwich and a cup of coffee sent in from around the corner and eat in the ring between trades. Some of that's superstition—afraid their luck will sour if they leave a certain spot in the ring for more than a couple of minutes."

A heavy-set man with a pink face and a damp linen jacket thrashed his way out of the ring and lighted a cigarette. "Charles B. Vose," Mr. Scanlan told us, beckoning him over. "Vice-president of Harriss & Vose, an excellent firm. Mighty sharp trader. Like you to meet him." Mr. Vose gave us a damp hand and an abstracted smile and remarked sonorously that this was the first chance he had had all morning for a cigarette. "It's against the rules to smoke in the ring," he explained, "except on the day before a holiday. About the only rule of deportment that we never break. John, here, will tell you that we've got some fine rules against water throwing and giving the hotfoot, but when we get a slow market, goodbye rules. We're a keyed-up bunch, and I guess we've just got to let off steam one way or another.

Of course—"Mr. Vose stiffened suddenly and dropped his cigarette. "Was that October at thirty-one thirty-four? Excuse me!" He sprang toward the ring in full cry. Mr. Scanlan gave a whoop of delight and yelled after him, "Tote dat bale, Charlie! There's a real trader for you," he added in a conversational roar. "You think he's giving you his full and individual attention, but uh-uh. Mind's never left the ring for a second."

Untouchable

ONE of our Boston correspondents had business in Cambridge recently and, while traversing Harvard Square, passed two young men, apparently undergraduates, just as one of them was saying hotly to the other, "I'm as democratic as the next man, but, my God, the fellow doesn't even wear Argyles!"

Cozy Town

ARTHUR KOESTLER, author of "Darkness at Noon," "Scum of the Earth," "Thieves in the Night," and other novels, has come here from England to deliver seven lectures in as many cities for the benefit of the International Rescue and Relief Committee, a group organized to aid displaced persons and internees. He teed off last week at Carnegie Hall and is now in Washington. Before he left, he managed to fit in a talk with us in his suite at One Fifth Avenue. He is a small, tense, restless man in his middle forties, with brown hair, blue eyes, and a pleasant German-Hungarian accent; a chain smoker; and a frequent taker of aspirin. He is on his first visit to this country. His lectures, he told us, will make him no money. "They are a bribe to my conscience," he said. "I was an internee once myself. That is what my book 'Scum of the Earth' is about. Even now, I am stateless. Once the scum of the earth, always the scum of the earth."

Although Mr. Koestler is not a citizen of any state, he is the owner of a large sheep farm in north Wales, where he lives nine months of the year. The farm is two hundred and forty miles from London, just the right distance, he estimates,

to preserve him from the temptations of urban life. After the first day or so here, he decided that New York is not, after all, a city of ruthlessly efficient skyscrapers, and that made him feel better. "It is a cozy town," he said. "Nothing functions. The hot water is often cold. The elevator bells do not ring. Messages are not delivered. Everything is, in short, entirely un-American. I welcome this un-Americanism. I was prepared to develop an inferiority complex because of the great efficiency that I had heard existed in the United States."

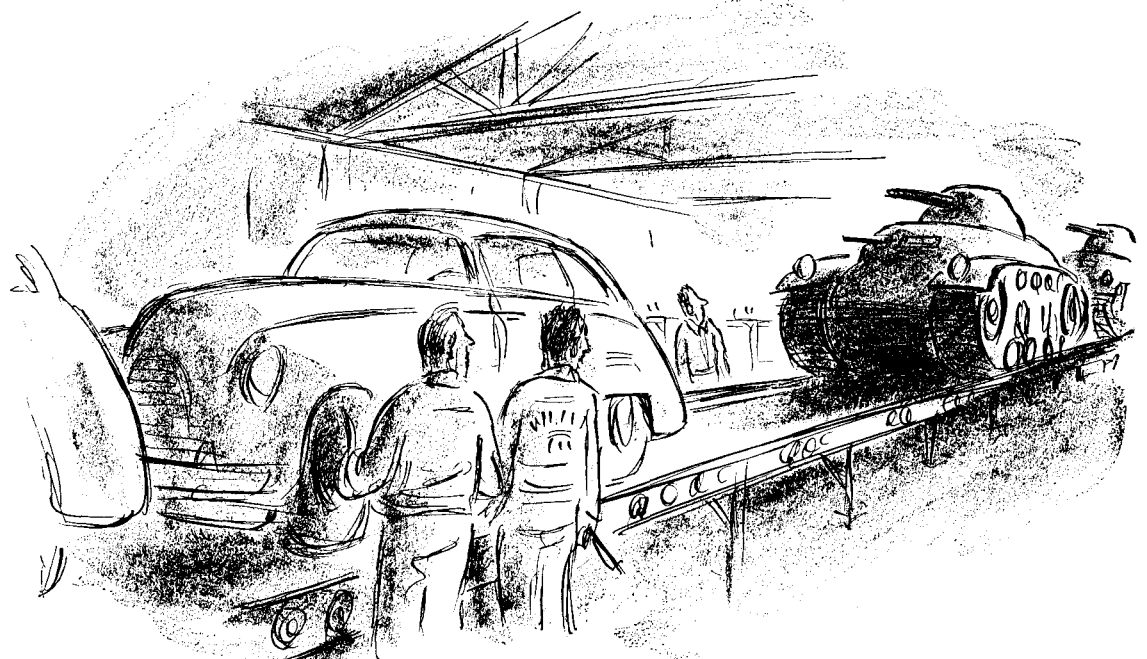
Mr. Koestler has just completed a book entitled "Insight and Outlook." "My life's work," he said, popping an aspirin into his mouth. "It is a treatise analyzing the psychological roots of ethics, social behavior, artistic creation, and scientific discovery. It is an original theory of mine that has been maturing for fifteen years. I call it bisociative psychology." Koestler is not a member of a political party, but he spends a good deal of time, he told us, trying to clear up what he calls the dilemma of the fellow-travellers. "Only last night, I had a discussion with two writers here," he said. "They asked me, 'In what name can we fight Russia? In the name of democracy, when we discriminate against Negroes and have restricted hotels?' They were using what I call the dirty-hands argument; that is, if you have dirty hands, how can you talk as if you had clean hands? I said to them, 'How, then, could you oppose Hitler?' The conclusion of the dirty-hands argument is always

to sit down and do nothing. It is the typical self-paralysis that intellectuals know so well how to bring on themselves."

Mr. Koestler said he found it hard to believe in the vogue that he appears to be having just now. "I never expected to make any money out of writing about serious political themes," he told us. "They happened to be close to me." He was born in Hungary and spoke Hungarian, French, and German before he learned English. When he decided to learn to write in English, he avoided reading anything in any other language. "I didn't start until 1940, when I was thirty-five," he said. "It was an enormous tour de force." Koestler will return to his Wales farm in May. In his absence, his three hundred sheep are being looked after by a local bailiff. His house in Wales was built in the seventeenth century and has walls four feet thick. The hot water is often cold.

Treat

THE other day, a lady we've heard from had occasion to buy her dog, a setter of keen sensibility, a new feeding bowl, and on the urgent recommendation of a salesclerk chose one made of a chaste white plastic. The excellence of her choice was rather overwhelmingly confirmed that evening when she gave the dog his supper. He attacked his food with good appetite and, when he had finished it, ate the bowl as well. It doesn't seem to have done him any harm.





"Now, this should provide a conclusive test of his intelligence."

REQUIESCAT

IT was about nine-thirty in the morning when the first car passed the big white house slowly, but not too slowly, went up the street a hundred yards or more, and turned around and came back and parked under the chestnut trees, but still a respectful distance from the big white house. For a little while it was the only car. It was an old LaSalle sedan, from which the rear half of the body had been cut away and a drop-delivery-truck body substituted. On the sides was painted "Brainard's Garage, Claude Brainard Prop., Tel. 391." It had a hoist, and old headlights had been added that could be used as searchlights. The fat man behind the wheel was Claude Brainard. He stayed in the car until a Chevrolet coach passed him, went up the street, turned around, and came back and parked close behind him. Claude got out and walked back to the Chevy. As he walked, he unbuttoned his overcoat and took a pack of cigarettes out of his suit-coat pocket, and out of the pack he took one cigarette. He made a big thing of getting one cigarette to jump up from the others; by shaking the pack and squeezing it in a certain way one cigarette, and one only, was made available. He put the cigarette in the very left corner of his mouth. Lighting the cigarette was like anyone else's lighting a cigarette, except that his hands were so fat and big that the cigarette disappeared inside the globe his hands made.

The man in the Chevy got out. He was small and thin, and the leather jacket he wore had been worn by someone taller before he ever got hold of it, someone in the Army Air Forces, someone younger than he. "It don't look to me like they was anybody here before us," he said. The car doors had removable leather signs that read, "Heber Smallwood, Plumbing & Heating, Tel. 305."

"Not so far," said Claude. He put his right foot on the running board of the Chevy and fondled the door handle with his right hand. The two men looked up at the big white house. No car stood in the driveway; the shades were lowered in all the windows. The fat man took a deep, sighing breath, and the little man did likewise.

"Smoke coming out of that chimley," said Heber Smallwood.

"Uh-huh," said Claude. "This

looks like Frank Duviller's truck. . . . Yes. It's Frank." Claude and Heber waved to the man in the Model A station wagon, with the lettering, "Frank Duviller, Florist, Landscaping, Tel. 333." The station wagon made the same turn that Claude and Heber had made, and parked behind the Chevy. Frank joined the others, who were somewhat younger than he. He wore a mackinaw and felt-and-rubber boots.

"Claude, Heber," he said. "Confirm anything, boys?"

"Just got here ourselves, Frank," said Heber.

NOW the three of them looked up at the house, each busy with his own thoughts. Then Claude, in some ways the shrewdest of the three, looked at the others. He scraped some snow off the roof of the Chevy and made a ball, but instead of throwing it at anything he let it drop and break. "Here's the three of us," he said. "First, I come and went up about Willoughby's and turned around, then Heber come and done the same thing."

"Yeah, that's right," said Heber.

"Then along come you, Frank," said Claude.

"Correct, Claude," said Frank.

"Yeah. I got here right after you, Claude. Then Frank come," said Heber.

"Well?" said Claude, looking questioningly at one, then the other.

"Well what?" said Heber.

"I didn't ask you what you was doing here, Heber. You didn't ask me what I was doing. And nobody asked Frank what he was doing, and Frank didn't ask nobody," said Claude.

Frank nodded and smiled under-

standingly. He studied Heber. "Catch on to Claude's meaning, Heber?"

"I do not. If I was to say I always caught on to Claude's meaning, I'd be the biggest liar in this part the state," said Heber.

"What Claude is getting at is, here's the three of us, nobody asking any questions, nobody volunteering any information, but here we are all right, and all seem to—I don't know—take for granted why we're here," said Frank.

"Say, that's right," said Heber.

"What did you hear, Frank?" said Claude.

"Well, I guess I heard about the same thing you fellows heard," said Frank.

"What was that, Frank?" said Heber.

"Well, now you ask me a point-blank question like that, I hate to put it into words," said Frank.

The others nodded. "If you're worried because you got an idea it'd be bad luck to put it into words," said Claude, "you don't have to worry about that. I'll relieve your mind on that, Frank. What you heard's true."

Frank looked at the ground.

"I know it's true, too, Frank," said Heber. He tried to sound comforting. "What do you know about it, Claude?"

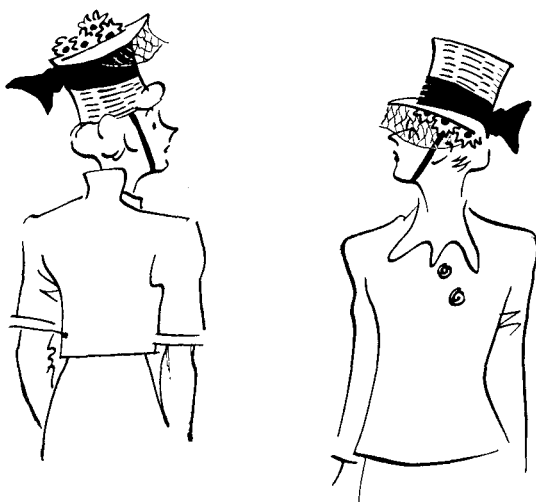
"Ada told me. My sister Ada. That has to be a Lodge secret, or Ada'd get fired for telling me. She didn't tell anybody only me, and if it ever got out she told anybody, she could never get another job with the phone company," said Claude.

"Lodge secret," said Frank.

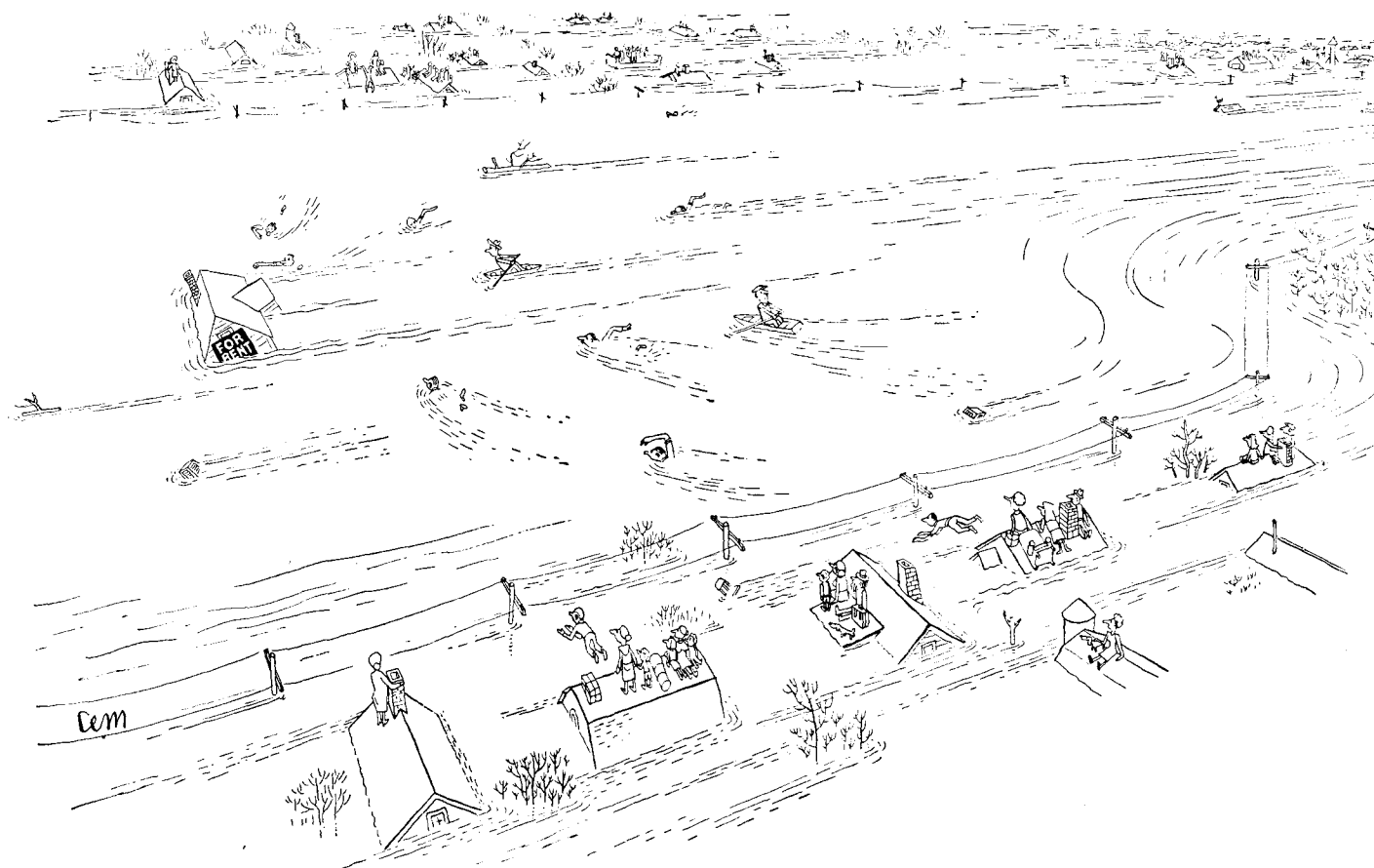
"Lodge secret," said Heber.

"Ada handled the call to the doc and the Governor and all them, and what she heard she had to tell somebody, so she figured it was safe to tell her own brother," said Claude.

"You don't have to worry about it getting traced back to Ada, Claude," said Frank. "What I heard I probly heard before they put in any call to the Governor. I was sitting in Police Headquarters talking to Ed, on my way home from the post office. About half past eight this morning. Just passing the time of day with Ed and the phone rang. Ed answered and right away started in acting like I don't know what. Put his hand over the mouthpiece. 'Frank,' he said, 'you gotta beat it. This is a private call.' Or maybe he said official. Or secret. Anyway, he shoosed me out be-



Garrett Price



fore he'd do any more talking. Well, hell, you know that kind of thing never happened to me before. I was a deputy sheriff in the county when Ed was in short pants. On the school board a good many years. Founding member of the Village Improvement and Protective. Holy smokes, I know more official secrets and unofficial secrets about this community than Ed'll ever know, so I stood outside debating with myself what I was going to tell Ed Wheelwright to take the starch out of him. Then Ed came out himself. 'Frank,' he said, 'I'm alone here and I have to go out on an emergency call. Will you take over till I come back and keep your mouth shut about anything you hear? If anybody calls, you're a police officer. I hereby swear you in.' Well, he swore me in like that, without telling me anything more, and I said, 'Listen here, Ed, it's all right for me to be dumb like a police officer, but I don't have to be stupid like one, too.' So Ed, he asked me to be dumb and stupid till I heard from him or till he got back, and then he got into his car. Not the police car, you understand. His own car. That I considered meaningful, but I asked no questions. Went back in his office and sat down.

"I'll be honest with you. I looked at

his scratch pad on his desk, thinking he'd of left some scribbling, but all was there was the name. Joe Hubbard." He tossed his head to indicate the big white house, and Claude and Heber nodded, glanced up at the house, and nodded again.

"Perhaps five minutes went by before the phone rang. 'Police Headquarters,' I said. Woman's voice. 'Mr. Wheelwright,' she started to say, and I started to tell her I wasn't Ed, but she didn't pay any attention. 'Thank goodness you're still there,' she said. 'I want to ask you a favor. Would you mind please don't wear your uniform?' It was her, up the house there."

"How'd you know that, Frank?" said Heber.

"How'd I know that? Well, I've known her since she was born. Couldn't mistake her voice. Know every tree on the place. Put in that back hedge last summer. Helped her start her first flower garden when she went there a bride twenty-some years ago. She and I worked many's the time eight, ten hours a day together. And when I heard her voice, I naturally connected up the name on the pad. I said to her this wasn't Ed Wheelwright, it was me, and she hung up. Not another word out of her, but there didn't have to be.

I sat there worrying about her about a half an hour, till Ed called up and said Bob Hoffman was coming in to take over Headquarters."

"What did Ed say otherwise, Frank?" said Claude.

"Thanked me," said Frank.

"Didn't volunteer any more information?" said Heber.

"Yes, he did," said Frank. "He said there was an accident and I'd hear all about it, but for the time being that was all he could say. Well, if there was an accident, I knew it had to be Joe, what with his name on the pad and all, and I guess deep down I even knew what kind of an accident it was. When a man takes on the worries of the world..."

The others nodded. "He stopped for some gas at my place yesterday, late afternoon," said Claude. "Well, Claude," he said, I waited for him to say something, usually some joke or other. I waited a couple minutes, but like he forgot I was there. Off he drove. I said to myself, 'Joe really got something on his mind.'"

"No doubt about that," said Heber.

"What about you, Heber? What'd you hear, and how, and when?" said Frank.

"What'd I hear? I heard what you two heard. I heard Joe took and put a

bullet through his head about eight o'clock this morning. When'd I hear it? How'd I hear it? Well, this don't have to be no Lodge secret. Either you two happen to have anybody working in that house?"

"Forgot about that," said Frank. "Rhoda."

"I happen to have a sister cooking in that house over fifteen years," said Heber.

"I didn't think to ask you about Rhoda," said Claude.

"The natural thing when you hear a shot go off and a couple minutes later the lady of the house lets out a scream, you do what Rhoda done. You go upstairs and see what's wrong. Call Doc Tanner. Then the natural thing, you call your closest relative, your brother. That's what Rhoda done."

"Sure," said Claude. "That's what Ada done."

"Rhoda was all upset and crying," Heber went on. "Said Joe'd shot himself. She had a look at him and he was too far gone for any Doc Tanner. But I said now was the time when Mrs. needed her the most, so get off the phone and go back to *her*. In a situation like that, you have to talk sharp to a woman or otherwise they go to pieces, so I said to Rhoda, 'You go back there where you're most needed.'"

FRANK took out a pipe and tobacco, and Claude and Heber watched him as though filling a pipe were an unfamiliar operation. When the tobacco had been properly tamped down and the oilskin pouch put back in his mackinaw pocket, Frank slapped the loose grains off his hands, and Claude had a book of matches waiting for him. Frank lit the pipe, and as he was handing the matches back to Claude, a black, enclosed-drive limousine drove down the street and made the turn into the driveway. There was a liveried chauffeur on the box, and in back were a man and a woman.

"Governor's car," said Heber.

"That's him in it," said Claude. "I guess that's his wife."

"He made it quick," said Heber.

"He oughta make it quick," said Frank. "I don't give him anything for making it quick."

"You gotta give him something for making it quick," said Heber. "Joe made speeches against him, remember."

"And Joe was right. When Joe was governor, he was a better governor than this fellow," said Frank. "Hell and damnation, Joe was better than anybody."

"Granted," said Heber, "but it shows this fellow's decent to get here in this short a time. He wasn't the kind of man Joe was, but he knew a good man when he saw one."

Claude cleared his throat. "I don't give the Governor anything or I don't take anything away from him. I voted for this fellow, and you two know it. I don't give him anything more for coming here than I give myself. But I don't take anything away from him, either."

"Well, that's a pretty good point, Claude," said Frank.

"I never voted for Joe in my life, but that don't take away from the fact that Joe himself was the best man we ever had in this goddam state in *my* lifetime. And maybe the whole goddam *United States*." Claude was a little out of breath when he finished.

"Some more cars," said Heber. They watched two small sedans coming up the street. The group of three nodded to the drivers of the sedans. "Harry Parker," said Heber. "Representing the Legion, I guess."

"Will Gallo, representing Gallo's Pool Room," said Frank.

"That's no kind of a remark to make," said Claude. "Will Gallo, representing *me*, as far as that goes. I don't represent anything."

"Yes, you do," said Heber. "You represent the Lodge."

"The Lodge?" said Claude. "I



"Well, if your husband isn't going to be at Ho Springs, either, we can get in all sorts of mischief."

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*"We brought along a few reels of ours
we thought we could run through after we've seen yours."*

didn't come here representing the Lodge any more than you did, or you, either, Frank. No more than Harry's representing the Legion or Will Gallo's representing the Ladies Aid Society, for Christ's sake. Why don't you bastards face a fact when you see it? We all come here because we wanted to see if there was anything we can do, and there goddam ain't. What was I doing when I decided to come? I was putting a new set of plugs in Clarence Bond's Pontiac. 'The hell with Clarence Bond's Pontiac,' I said to myself. 'Joe Hubbard's dead.' I locked up and come out here. Did I think there was anything I could do? No. I didn't even think anything, but you couldn't stop me from coming, and the same with you and you and Harry and Will Gallo. Well, there's one thing I can do, I can get the hell outa here. There's gettin' too many of us, cars lining up, standing around." He turned to the newcomers. "Hello, Harry. Hello, Will. So long." He got in his car and drove away.

"Frank," said Harry. "Terrible thing about Joe."

"Yes," said Frank.

"Jesus," said Gallo, "it tells you what a terrible shape the world is in, a man like him knocks himself off."

"It sure does," said Harry.

"And he *knows* more than we do—I mean he knew," said Gallo. "He got to hear things we didn't get to hear, a man in his position. Think of *that*." He offered cigarettes; nobody took one, and he decided not to take one himself. "I don't think I'll stay here. I don't know why I come in the first place. So long, fellows." He left.

"What undertaker do they have, Frank?" said Harry.

"Search me. Dawson Brothers, I presume. They're the biggest in the county, although Prescott buried Joe's father and brother."

"I'll get in touch with Prescott," said Harry. "If he isn't handling it, he'll know who is. You know, the Legion'll have to provide a firing squad. Is the Lodge having a service, later." He went back to the station wagon and drove away.

Frank said, "See you later." He went back to the station wagon and drove away.

"More cars," said Heber.

"Yes. Beginning to come on foot, too," said Harry.

"Mm-hmm."

"I guess there'll be a steady stream back and forth all day," said Harry.

"Well, there oughta be. Joe's entitled to it," said Heber.

"Poor Joe."

"Poor Joe?" Heber hesitated before getting in his car. "I don't know's I see it that way. He's out of it."

"The world, you mean?"

"Honest to God, Harry, I don't know what I mean."—JOHN O'HARA

The Federal Communications Commission has advised a Florida inquirer that there is nothing in the law governing radio communications to prevent two licensed amateur stations being utilized to consummate a wedding ceremony between a couple separated by the Pacific Ocean.—F.C.C. press release.

Nothing in the law, but an awful lot

TAKE GIDE OUT TO THE BALL GAME

ANOTHER of the mysteries of modern warfare is how well some people's war diaries read. It's a mystery to me, anyway. Recently, I came across the diary I conscientiously kept for a year and a half in Africa and the Middle East. According to this record, in what, I'm afraid, is undeniably my handwriting, the history I helped make during Civilization's Ordeal consisted largely in sending laundry out and buying Tootsie Rolls at the PX. On the few days when the entries aren't achingly uninteresting, most of them appear to be downright insane. There is, for example, this one, written at Algiers on Wednesday, June 2nd: "It'll certainly be great to have lunch with Gide, and I hope I can take him to the ball game next Sunday." Since the Gide mentioned is André Gide, France's seventy-eight-year-old foremost man of letters and the 1947 winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, I think I had better try to clear this up before I die of shame.

On the same day that I made the baffling entry about Gide, I also "went to the M. and saw L-D." We were at war then, and I was so security-conscious that I used code to prevent enemy agents from discovering that I had been to the *Monoprix*, which was the Algiers five-and-ten-cent store, and called on the proprietor, a man named Levy-Despas, who managed a chain of *Monoprix* extending over North Africa. M. Levy-Despas had a fine face, and he was a fine man. A son of his, who had been an undergraduate at Amherst and joined the Royal Canadian Air Force, was killed in action. When I first made the acquaintance of M. Levy-Despas, he had just returned from the United States, where he had been on a mission for the Free French.

The region around the city of Tunis was M. Levy-Despas' favorite part of North Africa. He lived in nearby Carthage, and it was there that he had been host and hider-outer, if I may use such a word, to André Gide. Gide was seventy years old when France fell. It was such a terrible blow to him that, in common with quite a few French writers, I understand, he resigned himself at first to bowing to the Nazis. But after living under the Occupation for a short time, he got hold of himself and lifted up his head again and escaped to the Unoccupied Zone, and then, when the Nazis occupied that, he escaped to Tunisia, where M. Levy-Despas met and befriended him. Under circumstances

that are vague to me now, M. Levy-Despas once escaped capture by Rommel's Afrika Korps by disguising himself as an Arab woman and passing through the German lines. I can't remember for sure whether or not he said that Gide shared this adventure with him. It's my impression that he said that Gide did, but I wouldn't swear to it. That's the kind of stuff I ought to be able to settle by simply consulting my diary, but instead I find little more there than laundry lists and the reminder that during this period I was growing tired of the brand of gumdrop known as Chuckles. At any rate, on Wednesday, June 2nd, when I saw M. Levy-Despas at the *Monoprix*, he mentioned that Gide was having lunch with him the next day, and was kind enough to invite me. Which brings us as far as "It'll certainly be great to have lunch with Gide . . ."

The rest of that sentence—about hoping I could take him to the forthcoming ball game—I can explain only part of. The game was to be an exhibition one for the benefit of the Saint Vincent de Paul Orphan Asylum, which had been hit in an air raid and burned down. Our officers and, especially, our enlisted men had contributed generously to the rebuilding fund, but still more money was needed; hence the benefit game, scheduled for Sunday, June 6th. Apart from my natural compassion for asylumless orphans, my interest in this particular game was a special and singular one. As a convenience to the many French thrill seekers who were expected to attend, I had written, with the aid of a French-English dictionary, vest-pocket size, the text of a handbill purporting to explain baseball.

I GOT ensnarled in this ghastly project by accident. There was a Special Services captain named Harvey Dreenbaugh whose civil occupation had been coaching football at the North Dakota Polytechnic Institute. North Dakota Poly plays in a conference that was totally unfamiliar to me, so, one evening when the Captain had pulled late duty at Special Services headquarters, I dropped in on him to hear how uniquely fierce a coach's headaches were out in his territory. We were going over the old touchdowns lovingly, one by one, when a telephone three desks away rang. Army life was comparatively new to Captain Dreenbaugh in those days, and he rose from his chair, walked over, and

answered it. The call was from "the Hill"—the Hotel Saint-George—where the very biggest wheels of the American and British Armies ground and meshed, unmeshed and ground again. The copper-plated voice of a Colonel Umphus informed the Captain that the Archbishop of Algeria "and his whole staff" would be at the Orphan Asylum game. Therefore, Special Services would have ready by morning a brief but perfectly clear description in French of our great national pastime. A Major Phleebos would be around for the copy immediately after breakfast and rush it to the printers', a concern, incidentally, that did business under the sensuous name of L'Imprimerie Joyeuse. As far as we could gather—I say "we" because Colonel Umphus seemed to be cupping his hands over his transmitter—the Army's most urgent problem was to make the French-speaking population of Algiers baseball-rabid by game time.

After committing the ultimate folly of giving his real name to Colonel Umphus and spelling it out, and assuring him that the objective would be attacked at once, Captain Dreenbaugh hung up. He told me then that he knew no French. We had gone over so many touchdowns that it was now quite late, and except for the enlisted man in charge of quarters, whom we could hear snoring in the back of the long room, we were alone. The Captain called the numbers of all his brother officers who had telephones in their billets, and failed to get a single answer. "Probably the whole lot of 'em's in the Casbah," he speculated gloomily. The one brother officer who might have been counted on to be dependably in bed was a Major

Williams, rumored to be the dean of one of the smaller Pennsylvania universities, but he, poor man, was off in Oran conducting an opinion-sampling panel among the gallant ruffians of the First Division, and probably dodging empty bottles as he did so. Doubtless the Captain could have obtained help from his enlisted men, had they not been quartered twenty or thirty miles out of town; even if their ranks had been bristling with Ph.D.s in Romance Philology, however, where would he have got a vehicle to bring them in at such an hour? The Allied forces were preparing to attack Sicily, and transportation was tight around Algiers. In desperation, he woke up the charge of quarters and asked him if he knew any French. "Not me, sir," said the charge of quarters.



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who was a Tennessee mountaineer. He said it with relish, having that seismographic instinct for detecting officer discomfiture that so many of the noncommissioned were endowed with. "O.K., son, go back to sleep," the Captain said. "Sorry I bothered you." He said it so kindly, and yet so sadly, that I stopped minding my own business. I could see that Harvey Dreenbaugh was feeling pain. Not only was he wholly without French but, as an old professor of the pigskin arts and sciences, he felt about baseball the way General Spaatz must have felt about horse cavalry. Instead, then, of sensibly letting Harvey take his service pistol and decently blow his brains out, I volunteered to help him write the handbill.

I HOPE I never have to go through another night like that one. My French was rusty; and in its prime it had never been really good. Our only source of authority, the vest-pocket dictionary, which Harvey had bought in North Ireland, was a British publication and ade-

quate (I think), but the lexicographer obviously had never heard of A. G. Spalding. To begin with, what, for our purposes, was the correct French word for "ball"? The dictionary's English-French section offered *le bal*, *la balle*, *le ballon*, *la bille*, *la boule*, and *le boulet*, which was a hell of a help.

Bal, I knew, meant a dancing party of some magnitude, for I had once owned a French phonograph recording of "La Bal des Darktown Strutters." As for *balle*, perhaps it was the word we were looking for, but *balles* were fired out of rifles, weren't they? And I also seemed to remember having heard Frenchmen say "*dix balles*" when they meant "ten francs." A cross-check in the French-English section disclosed that although both *ballons* and *billes* were used in games, a *ballon* was something you kicked, like a soccer ball, and with *billes* you shot *la poule*. How about *boule*? In my youth, around the small-time casinos of the Riviera, I had seen a gross paraphrase of roulette played with a *boule*, which was a light spheroid approximately the size of a baseball. *Boule*, then,

difficulty, and I had just written "*Le jeu de base-boule*"—something told me that it wasn't quite right, somehow, but we had to get the piece started—"est un grand sport américain" when Harvey, who was handling the dictionary to save time, said, "Hey, wait a minute!" He had discovered that "*un jeu de boules*" meant "a game of bowls." I felt giddily grateful for having avoided that pitfall, but it was nothing to the wonderful feeling of escape I experienced a few seconds later when I recalled the de Maupassant short-story classic "*Boule de Suif*," the heroine of which, a plump young businesswoman, went by the nickname of Ball of Tallow (*Boule de Suif*). There wasn't going to be any of that kind of stuff in our handbill—not with an archbishop and his whole staff inspecting it, there wasn't. So that cleared up *boule*. "*Boulet*" turned out to mean "cannon ball," which was, at least, a good thing to have learned before it was too late. We were thus reduced to *balle*, but I was so uncertain of it that Harvey rushed out into the lonely street and captured a small



we were looking for was "*pelote*." In the dictionary, under *pelote*, it said only "ball (snow, wool, silk)," but it was getting so late that we took his word for it and set him free.

"Ball" wasn't the only word that brought us torment. "*Une base*," to be sure, means "base," but it also means "basis," and in describing the functions of the various basemen I couldn't get over the feeling that I was calling them first, second, and third "basis men," and I still can't. "To take a walk" ("*faire une promenade*"), "to strike out" ("*frapper dehors*"), "shortstop" ("*court arrêt*"), and "center fielder" ("*jardinier central*") presented little or no difficulty, but "pop fly" wasn't so easy. There were two choices for "pop" in the dictionary—"petit son vif" and "*crac*!" "Lively little sound fly" didn't quite give the sense of what we were after, we both felt, and so "*crac-mouche*" it was. Most troublesome of all, probably, was the word for "bat." "*Bâton*" didn't seem exactly appropriate; even a marshal's *bâton* wouldn't be much good for stepping into curves and fast ones with, so I am

"*massue*" ("crowbar, truncheon, club"), and invented the word "*massucur*" for "batter," which, it goes without saying, L'Imprimerie Joyeuse made "*masseur*" throughout the text of the handbill. We will dwell no more upon this gruesome document, save to say that it was an intellectual Pearl Harbor from start to finish.

That's all I can explain about that ball game. What I can't for the life of me figure out is why I wrote that I hoped I could take Gide to it. It's conceivable that if you were going to meet G. B. Shaw at lunch and there were a boxing match in the offing, you might hope that you could take him to it, because not only is he a friend of Gene Tunney, but for at least a quarter century he has been popping off as a boxing



R. Macdonald

as his colleagues at that. But Gide to a ball game! It couldn't have been that I wanted him to admire the prose style in the handbill. When I met him at lunch, nothing was farther from my thoughts than to mention baseball to him. What, then, made me write the second half of that insane sentence? I give up. Let's put it down to too much sun.



HENRY BLACKMAN SELL, a man who in the course of the past thirty years has been quite a figure in literary criticism, interior decoration, advertising, magazine editing, couture, vitamins, and the manufacture of a line of tinned meat pastes, stews, and hashes known as Sell's Specialties, his present preoccupation, was born in Whitewater, Wisconsin, on November 14, 1889. Whitewater, which is in the southeastern corner of the state, is a small town that had then, and still has, a population of about thirty-seven hundred. Sell's father was the Reverend Dr. Henry Thorne Sell, a high functionary of the Congregational Church, the editor of a Congregational magazine named the *Advance*, and a big Sunday-school man. He is one of the men whom millions of American children can thank for the present-day short, informal Sunday-school sessions, in which finger painting, sex talks, and group play have replaced responsive readings, recitations, and half-hour doses of hymns. He was also a lecturer on the old Chautauqua circuits and the author of "Sell's Bible Study Text Books," a monumental work of twenty-one volumes, cross-indexing the Holy Scriptures. Few men, before or since, have tried to do such an all-out cross-index of the Bible. The work is still in print, and the name of Sell is still an honored one among the harassed clergymen who anxiously grope through it on Saturday nights for texts. Revolutionizing Sunday schools, competing with musical-saw artists and talking horses on the summer circuits, and rubricating every common and proper noun from Genesis through Revelation left the Reverend Dr. Sell little time for family affairs, but his son saw enough of him to acquire a deep respect for him. Although the younger

PROFILES

SPECIALTIES

II—FROM WHITEWATER TO A HOMBURG

such thoroughgoing contempt that he has become known in the meat industry as the iconoclast who dared to make a hash out of corned pork instead of corned beef, he sometimes seeks the comfort of continuity by comparing his career in meat with his father's career in theology. "Sell's Specialties and 'Sell's Bible Studies,'" he will say. "It's almost as though Father and I were an act. My products are supplemental feeding for the body. His were supplemental feeding for the soul."

Sell's mother, the former Mary Blackman, was the daughter of the richest man in Whitewater, the president of the local bank. "Grandfather *was* Whitewater," Sell says. "He was the Old Man there, the one who lived in the Big House on the Hill." Sell's mother was gay, careless about money, and a bit scatterbrained. It is possible that Sell's urge to improve the lot of mankind with good reading, good clothes, and good food is a variant of his father's liberal evangelism. His urge to improve the lot of Sell and to enjoy himself in elaborate and generally expensive ways could be a legacy from the Blackmans, who loved luxury as much as he does. Although the family was a pioneer one, having settled in Whitewater in the middle of the nineteenth century, and although Mrs. Blackman was a first cousin of Buffalo Bill, the life the Blackmans led followed an Eastern seaboard rather than a Middle Border pattern. They travelled a lot, visited for long periods in Boston and New York, and patronized most of the polite arts. Even in the cheese country, Sell says, they always managed to look as if they were on their way to Sunday dinner at Delmonicos. When, eight years ago, Sell learned that Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney were rehearsing in the parts of Mr. and Mrs. Day for "Life with Father," he sent them a batch of photographs of his maternal grandparents. Sell is convinced, though nobody else seems to be, that the costumes and makeup for everyone who has played the roles, right down to William Powell and Irene Dunne in the movie version, have been modelled on those in the photographs of the Blackmans of Whitewater, Wisconsin. "Every time I see a picture of Father Day," Sell says, "it

looks more and more like Grandfather Blackman."

Sell went to high school for five years, but he did not graduate. His formal education was really the only unsuccessful project he has ever undertaken. He was a quick-witted boy but impervious to the current educational methods. "I've never had any head for organized knowledge," he says. "I don't think I ever passed an examination in my life. I crumpled up whenever I took one." After the public schools had washed their hands of him, he was sent, in 1906, to Culver Military Academy, where he stayed until 1909, when he was nineteen. Except in his studies, nearly all of which he failed, he did well at Culver. He eventually became president of two or three societies, editor of the student newspaper, and the school's official guide and greeter. He was good-looking and rather courtly, and whenever celebrities or the parents of prospective students visited the campus, he was shown off to them as an example of what nice, clean-cut, well-spoken boys went to Culver. It was never explained that this over-age paragon was in his fifth year of first-year Latin. In the spring of 1909, the commandant sent Sell's father a friendly but candid letter. "I regret having to say that the end for Henry is still nowhere in sight," he wrote. He said he doubted that Henry could ever be admitted to Yale, for which he had been intended, or to any other self-respecting college, and that while he was a decorative and engaging fixture at parties and receptions, it was well known that money came hard to a clergyman and it seemed inadvisable to sink any more of it in a lost cause. Dr. Sell took the advice, and Henry left Culver that June with an indeterminate academic status. Culver has nevertheless used him as a kind of advertisement, claiming him as a distinguished alumnus of the Class of '10. This pleases Sell, who has shown that he is not against education for others by helping subsidize university projects for nutrition research and by recently establishing a scholarship in sociology at Syracuse University.

FOLLOWING his emergence from Culver, Sell had a series of newspaper jobs. He and a boyhood friend,

the late Hiram Motherwell, knocked around the Middle West picking up reporting jobs and holding them briefly. Then they bought a small movie house in Greenwood, Indiana. Sell managed the theatre, and Motherwell played the piano. The venture was a success, so they sold out and moved on to Dayton, Ohio, where they bought a larger, open-air theatre. Everything went fine until the cops descended on the place one night and ran Sell and Motherwell out of town for showing indecent films. The pictures were conventional ones, Sell says, but Dayton was in the hands of Philistines. After a while, Sell and Motherwell returned to Dayton, reopened the theatre, and showed a series of inspirational films chosen by a hurriedly formed committee of local ministers, who were glad to be of help to the son of the author of "Sell's Bible Studies." Ticket sales, however, never regained their old briskness, so Sell and Motherwell went back to newspaper work.

One of the newspapers Sell worked on was the Indianapolis *Star*. He was its gypsy editor. Indianapolis was a gypsy mecca in those days. Its metal-working shops had plenty of jobs for gypsy tinkers, fortune-telling was legal and popular, and the town was a great horse-trading center. The *Star* had a section devoted to gypsy advertising, in which occult wares were described and fortune-tellers announced their talents. It was Sell's job to solicit gypsy advertising and gather gypsy news. He wrote his stories and took in his ads in a broken-down Gilded Age mansion on the edge of town occupied by Queen Zenora, a wrinkled old Rumanian who claimed descent from the royal family of Egypt and who was the acknowledged social leader of the Indianapolis gypsies. When Zenora had no paying customers, she used to look into Sell's future for nothing. He believes that Zenora influenced his life and that she inspired in him the confidence to plunge into so many unrelated careers. "She told me I was failure-proof," he says. "She gave me a feeling of indestructibility and convinced me I could succeed

at anything I tried." Sell has been a confirmed friend of the gypsies ever since, and a fairly regular patron of fortune-tellers and astrologers. He doesn't exactly believe in their powers, but he doesn't exactly disbelieve, either. He is more or less in the position of the agnostic who goes to prayer meeting just in case there should be something to it. Being rather touchy about the subject, he insists that he has no faith in tea leaves, palmistry, and the zodiac but that he has respect for gypsy wisdom. "Those old gypsies," he says,

"have been watching life for a long time to see how things work out. If I know a gypsy isn't lying for the sake of a few extra dollars, I'll play her hunches any day."

In 1913, Sell went to Chicago. Having had little luck at coming up in the world the Richard Harding Davis way, he tried the Horatio Alger way. He became a glove salesman at Marshall Field's. He sold plenty of gloves from the start—enough, in fact, to go from basement gloves to main-floor gloves in a week—but he had to stand all day on



his feet, which made them ache. He had distressing visions of a million dollars in the bank and his feet in a pail of hot water. He got transferred to a sitting job in the store office, but this didn't suit him either, so he tried to get on the staff of the *Chicago Daily News*, which he admired. The *Daily News*, however, did not admire him. It was typical of Sell's career in journalism that what he was unable to get from the editorial department, he eventually got from the business department. He decided to get on the staff of the paper by working up a project with business appeal.

He studied the *Chicago papers* and discovered what he thought was a weak spot in them, then went to the *News* offices and told the business people that the paper was missing a big thing by not making a special appeal to the immigrant groups in the city. Before he was through, he had the mouths of the circulation men watering as he told how the newsstands would be mobbed by clamoring hordes of Poles, Italians, and Bohemians once Henry Sell started a department on Polish, Italian, and Bohemian life in Chicago. The business office told the editorial office that a great new journalist had been discovered. The city editor didn't think so, but he agreed to buy three articles from Sell, at twenty-five dollars apiece. Sell wrote them in a week. He continued to produce at that rate for more than three years, by which time *News* readers had made the acquaintance of just about every barber, grocer, priest, and bartender of foreign ancestry in Chicago.

Successful though he was, Sell was not put on the regular reporting staff of the *Daily News*. The *News* had some distinguished journalists on the payroll, and the editors felt that property values would be lowered if a nobody like Sell was admitted into such company. All sorts of riffs might come in after him. This was all to Sell's benefit. The distinguished journalists got around thirty-five dollars a week, and Sell was making twice that by working only half time. In addition, he had the leisure for a number of other activities. He did some free-lance writing for art magazines, and he became a theatrical press agent, handling all the shows that came into the Fine Arts Theatre and all the Chicago appearances of the Abbey Players, the Manchester Players, the Irish Players, Morris Gest's companies, and a number of others. For a couple of years, Sell was stage-struck. He wrote a short book in defense of the New Theatre called

PRIMAVERA

Now April, with a gusty whack,
Startles Manhattan's whale-shaped back;
And now, through every street and lane,
Flutters the blowing cellophane.

Hell's Kitchen windows bloom with bedding.
Stripped fields are quick with metal wings.
Cigars their tissue skins are shedding
Like snakes of less enlightened springs.

All dormant creatures stir in sleep.
From dark dead storage roadsters creep,
New-Simonized and gleaming fair,
To sniff the Ethyl-pungent air.

And now the motorist his wheel
Grips, and elects his bridge, and goes
Northeastward, where the orange peel
Peeps from the tardy-melting snows.

At dusk he turns his headlight beam
Southwest, and toes the brake, and mutters,
Quick-swerving from the cat's-eye gleam
Of beer cans crouching in the gutters.

The merging car streams purl and wester
And flow in one elastic mass
Where woven parkways of Westchester
Pass and repass and underpass.

While higher, through blue evening air,
The bolted Whirlwinds, four or pair,
Bring silver minnows of the gale
To rest beside a drowsy whale.

Flow warmer, Hudson, by our side.
East River, float a gentler tide.
Leviathan, between his streams,
Stirs—and gulps Jonahs in his dreams.

—ALEXANDER LAING

as a super with the Chicago Opera.

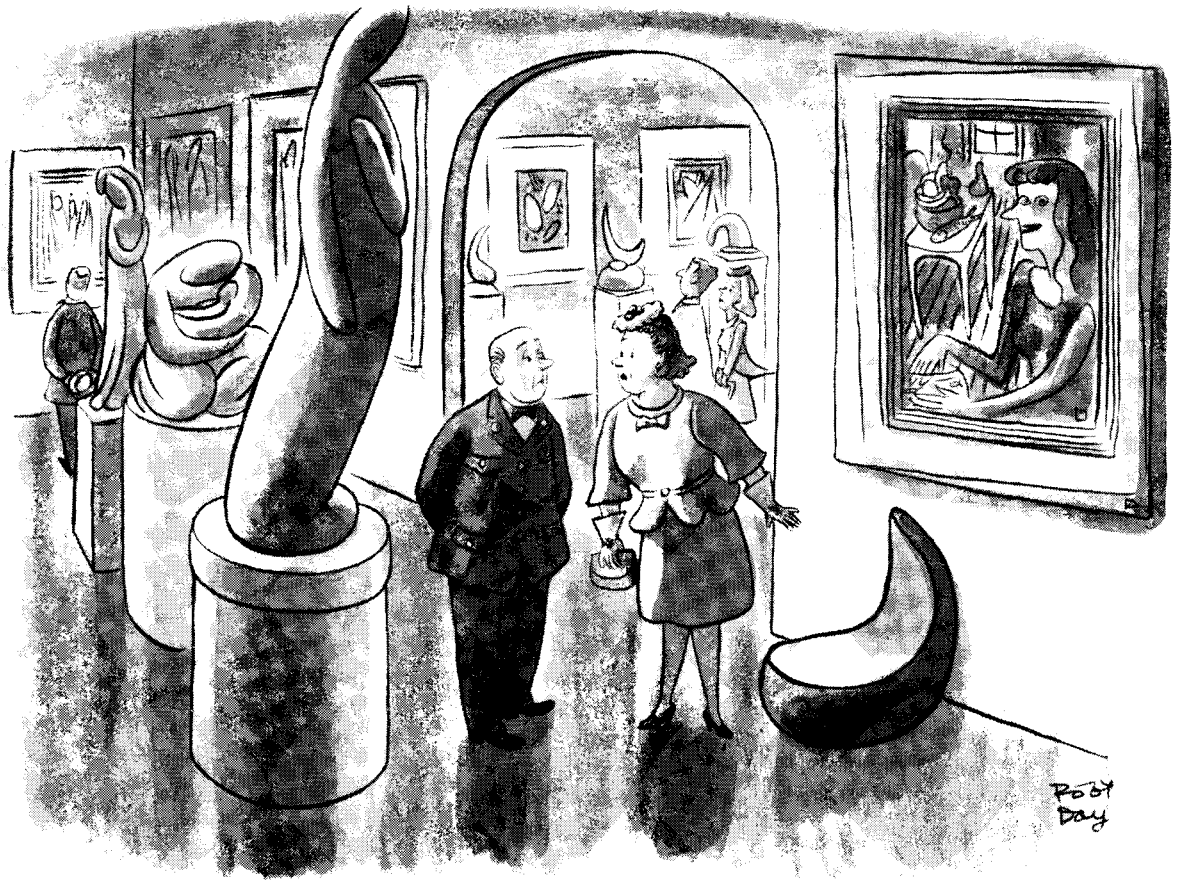
In 1914, Sell married a young actress, Maud Ann O'Harrow. The Sells decided to retire from the stage and set themselves up as authorities on interior decoration. Sell worked an evening or two a week in the Marshall Field furniture department. There he supervised the pushing around of some tables and chairs until their arrangement pleased his eye, then took pictures of them and

wrote about them for the Field house organ. This was better than standing behind a counter in the glove department, because he could drop into a chair whenever he pleased. He also became the paint-and-wallpaper expert for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Every month for several years, he and Mrs. Sell had their four-room apartment completely decorated for a hundred dollars a room and then wrote an article on how to re-decorate a four-room apartment for four hundred dollars. In 1916, a ground-breaking book by the Sells, "Good Taste in Home Furnishing," appeared. Its ideas seem to be a mélange of a once-over-lightly reading of William Morris, the notions of Frank Lloyd Wright, then one of their close friends, and some thoughts of their own. It is hopelessly dated today. ("I am not in any way presupposing,"



triumph of illumination, but it is in general use, and has a certain adaptability not to be found in gas or oils.") Nevertheless, it was a revolutionary manifesto in its time. It sounded a battle cry against the revolving whatnot, it put the finger on curly maple and dark woodwork, it described shiny floor surfaces as an "abomination," and it courageously debunked Oriental rugs. The book sold over a hundred thousand copies and established the Sells as authorities in the field. Sell abandoned the field at once.

That same year, Sell stopped writing his *Daily News* feature articles and became the book editor of the paper, a job he held until 1920. Carl Sandburg and Ben Hecht were on the *News*, and Sherwood Anderson, Edgar Lee Masters, Theodore Dreiser, Floyd Dell, and Vachel Lindsay were all Chicagoans. Margaret Anderson's *Little Review*, which claimed to have sponsored "twenty-three new systems of art," and Harriet Monroe's *Poetry*, both published in Chicago, were the liveliest literary magazines in the country. But although literature was being produced in Chicago, it had to go to New York and Boston for approval or disapproval. Journalistic criticism was dominated by a few Eastern magazines and newspapers, most of whose reviewers were either Ivy League professors or elderly gentlemen of means. Few of them were sympathetic to the roughhewn stuff being turned out in the Middle West. Sell decided that the *News* should have a book page to give Chicago writers a sounding board. He went to the editors of the paper and told them that he could provide them with a first-class book page. The editors weren't interested. He went to the business manager and told him he could make a lot of money on book ads. The business manager put over the idea for him. The section was published every Wednesday. It consisted of as much advertising as Sell, who was his own space salesman, could get; a column of



"Pardon me, is this to sit on?"

literary gossip and opinion, written by Sell; a cartoon or caricature, by Gene Markey; and three or four book reviews.

When the *Daily News* page was at its height, H. L. Mencken called it "the only civilized book section in this Presbyterian satrapy." However that may be, it was certainly as unrestrained a book section as has ever been published anywhere. It represented no known school of critical theory. Sell's reviewers ran all the way from police reporters, whose prose style was pure Race-Track Final and who saw no need for shifting gears as they went from the works of Johnny Torrio to the works of James Branch Cabell, down to flowing-tie aesthetes and lady poets, who wrote lacy little pieces sprinkled with Pateresque epigrams. Sell permitted, even encouraged, unbridled logrolling. Ben Hecht called Sherwood Anderson a genius every other Wednesday. On the alternate Wednesdays, Anderson worried and chewed over the great problem of whether the word "genius" was adequate to convey the full scope of Hecht's powers. Sandburg and Masters paid tribute to each other with the same re-

lentlessness. If one member of the union said that another's book would be read a century from now, the author thus honored would come back with the opinion that the work of the first member would be acclaimed two centuries from now. Naturally, nobody expected to be paid for exercising such privileges. Except for Sell, who did very well, everyone in the book department worked for nothing, or at least for nothing more than free drinks and a lunch every Friday at Schlogel's Restaurant, then Chicago's Mermaid Tavern.

The department was consistent in another respect; it was almost always against foreign authors. Any book by a writer outside the continental United States was certain to get the bum's rush in the *Daily News*. Hecht and John V. A. Weaver were constantly dressing down Galsworthy, d'Annunzio, Ibáñez, and all the other important figures of European literature. Cockiness, not chauvinism, was responsible for this policy, Sell explains. "We just felt that our own writers were doing such good stuff that we didn't want readers to be distracted by all those outsiders," he says. "We weren't any too friendly to East-

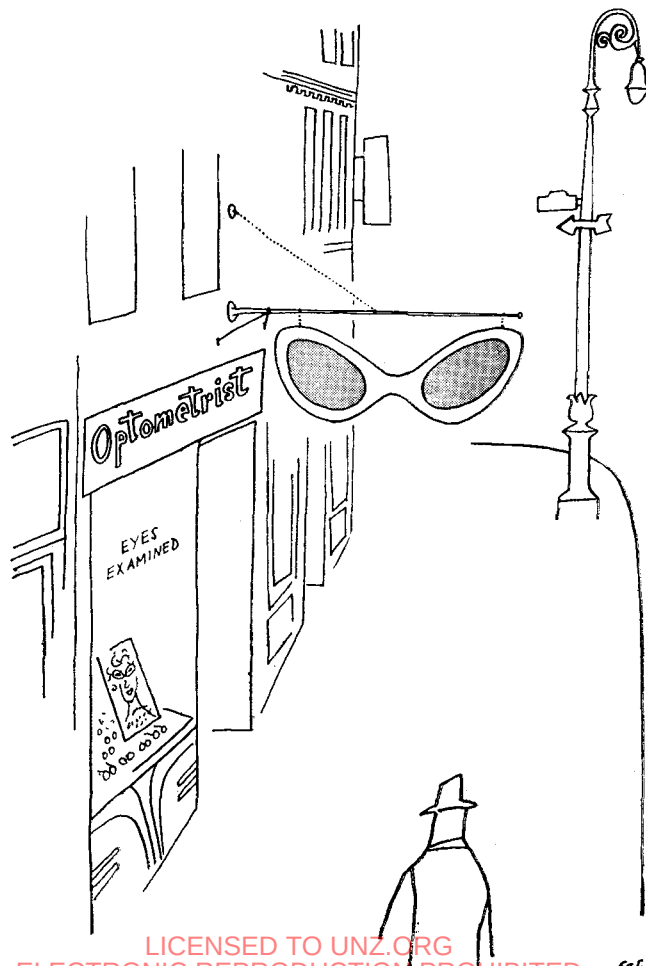
erners, either." The *News* came close to losing its Scribner advertising when he wrote an article on Galsworthy's ears, which were pointed. Sell had gone to New York to interview the great man, but he was so taken with the ears that he devoted his whole piece to them and went into some indelicate zoological comparisons. Scribner worked off its ire by buying space in the paper and denouncing "Henry Sell and his herd of green heifers." When foreign authors visited Chicago, they got the same treatment their books did. Literary protocol once forced Sell to invite Hugh Walpole, in this country on a lecture tour, to lunch with the crowd at Schlogel's. Sell and Hecht went to the restaurant ahead of time and sawed halfway through the legs of the chair the guest was to occupy. In the middle of the soup course, a prearranged campaign of the most outrageous flattery began. Walpole was told that Chicago regarded him as the peer of Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott. He was asked how it felt to realize that his name would ring gloriously down the ages. Did he plan to be laid to rest in the Abbey or was there some little kirk of childhood memory where he wanted his remains to be deposited? Walpole drank it all in, and after a while assumed a position favored by people who are drinking in flattery. He stuck his thumbs in his armpits and tilted his chair back. "We were really frightened at first," Sell recalls. "We thought they'd have to take stitches." The story of what happened to Walpole got around England and the Continent, and lecture managers began to notice that foreign writers booked into Chicago were strangely cool to the idea. When Ibáñez passed through Chicago on his American tour, in 1919, he demanded police protection.

Sell occasionally exempted a few foreign writers from the Sell treatment. Shaw was one of them, and Sell even managed to get a free review from him. James Joyce was also well treated. It is a curious fact in literary history, and one that was probably unknown to Joyce, that while he was still trying to find a publisher for "Ulysses," parts of it were appearing in the

News. At least two years before Joyce had even heard of Sylvia Beach, while "Ulysses" was still a work in progress, Sell clipped fragments of it from the *Little Review*, in which sections of it were being printed, and ran them whenever he was a column or two short of book copy. The editors of the *Little Review* almost went to jail for publishing Joyce, but Sell was never bothered by the law. Sell had a catholic enthusiasm for literature. The book that seemed to move him most was Frederick O'Brien's "White Shadows in the South Seas." He had it reviewed twenty-six times in the *News*. Sell introduced the principle of the multiple review to literary criticism. If his affection for a book was mild, he had it reviewed just once. If it was strong, he had it reviewed several times. "The Education of Henry Adams" got five reviews, "Winesburg, Ohio" and Mencken's "The American Language" seven, and Lardner's "You Know Me, Al" four. "White Shadows" was, however, the champion. Often, Sell let writers review their own books. Willa Cather reviewed "My Antonia" in the *News*, and Conrad Aiken examined several of his own collections of poetry. There were certain evidences of collusion between Sell and

Burton Rascoe, who was doing a book-review column for the *Chicago Tribune*. It is possible that "Jurgen" would have gone unnoticed, like Cabell's earlier books, but for the famous brawl over it between Rascoe, who liked it in the *Tribune*, and Ben Hecht, who agreed to dislike it in the *News*. The fight was taken up by the New York reviewers, particularly Heywood Brown, who thus brought the book to the attention of John S. Sumner. Sumner took the publishers to court on a charge of obscenity and thereby brought the book to the attention of the public. He lost his case. Some of the most informal and non-committal literary criticism ever published was written by Carl Sandburg for Sell. "I'd give Carl a book," Sell recalls, "and he'd forget all about it for three or four months. Then I'd get a letter saying, 'Dear Harry: That was an interesting book about Iowa farmers you gave me. Thanks a lot. How are things going? Yours, Carl Sandburg.' I knew I'd never get a review, so I'd just publish the letter. I figured anything he wrote was important."

CHARACTERISTICALLY, Sell was in top form as a bookman when he resigned his literary editorship at the *Daily News*, in 1920. Its contributors were acquiring national reputations; its advertising revenue was steadily growing. Since he had everything going so nicely, Sell felt that the time had come for him to move on. A friend, Ray Long, who had been editing a group of magazines in Chicago, was made editor in chief of a chain of Hearst magazines that included *Cosmopolitan*, *Hearst's International*, *Motor*, *Motor Boating*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and three British publications. Long offered Sell the choice of several vacancies. Sell chose the editorship of *Harper's Bazaar*, on the ground that it was the job for which he had the fewest qualifications and the one in which he would learn the most. "I'd never read a copy of it in my life," he recalls, "but I knew it was supposed to be a kind of classy fashion magazine. I knew Grub Street pretty well, so I thought I'd have a





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DE PINNA

FIFTH AVE AT 50th ST. N.Y. 10

look at Park Avenue." He turned over the *News* book page to Harry Hansen and went to New York. Hecht decided to go with him, and the two of them, thinking that the new editor of *Harper's Bazaar* and his friend ought to look like the new editor of *Harper's Bazaar* and his friend, went from the train into a haberdashery in Grand Central and bought two canes and two homburgs. Sell also placed an order for a shoe trunk. He had only two or three pairs of shoes, but a trunk for nothing but shoes was the most luxurious thing he could think of. Then Sell and Hecht strolled up Park Avenue, wearing their new hats, and with their new canes twirling, to look over Sell's new beat.

Not many people on Park or any other avenue were reading *Harper's Bazaar* when Sell took over. The magazine, which had been bought by Hearst seven years earlier, was in poor shape. It had been founded in 1867 by Fletcher Harper, one of the Harper brothers, as a kind of ladies' edition of *Harper's Weekly*. The space that the *Weekly* devoted to politics and other matters of masculine interest the *Bazaar* devoted to fashions, homemaking, and child raising, but the illustrations and several of the departments, such as the "Editor's Easy Chair," were picked up bodily from the older magazine. It did quite well the first few years, but Fletcher Harper, whose idea it was, died in 1877, and it began to go to pot not many years after. Hearst made it a magazine of fashion and social news, putting it in competition with Condé Nast's *Vogue*. Hearst thought that his publishing genius could conquer the rich as easily as it had conquered the poor. He was badly mistaken. For one thing, the prominent families of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston had for years looked upon him as a loud-mouthed California vulgarian.

Harper's Bazaar faced equally serious obstacles in Paris, the natural source of its most important features. In a fashion magazine, the pictures of the new styles are the main attraction, and in 1920 staff artists of magazines had to attend the private showings of the Paris dressmakers and sketch the new designs. *Harper's Bazaar* artists, unlike *Vogue* artists, were not welcome at these showings. The *Bazaar* was in as

if its reporters were barred from the city hall, the ballparks, and the criminal courts. Hearst had run through three editors trying to lick this problem. Sell, the fourth, went to Paris to see what the couturiers had against *Harper's Bazaar*. Even the name of the magazine, he found, was a drawback. The French couldn't say it. "*Vogue*" was a French word, but when a Frenchman tried to say "*Harper's Bazaar*," his tongue got twisted. Sell's first step was to look for friends of the couturiers. He found several, among them the Duchess de Gramont. Sell and the Duchess exchanged courtesies: Sell introduced her to Hearst, and she introduced him to Vionnet. After Vionnet, the rest fell into line. Sell also set out to get the French dressmakers and perfumers to advertise in *Harper's Bazaar*, and as an inducement cut its advertising rates by eighty per cent. Up to that time, the French had not seen much point in advertising in America. Sell accomplished two things at once: he got the French into the habit of advertising here and, by allowing them to invest money in *Harper's Bazaar* ads, he got them to take an interest in helping him out editorially. He told the French advertisers that they needn't even bother to have their ads translated into English. Sell is not only the father of French dress and perfume advertising in this country, but of the native-language advertisement. "It just occurred to me," he says, "that an ad in French ought to draw as well as one in English. I explained to them that pictures meant

more than anything else, and that, besides, the name of the advertiser would be the same in French as in English. They went for it because they'd always figured it would be a nuisance to get their stuff translated. Anyway, in some mediums, it would be better to say in French that a perfume stinks than to tell how sweet it smells in English."

Sell broke down society's prejudices against *Harper's Bazaar* largely by making people think of it not as something owned by a boor named Hearst but as something edited by a charming young man named Sell. His homburg and his cane were a good investment. He ate only in restaurants patronized by the people he wanted to read the magazine. He and his shoe trunk went to Palm Beach, to Newport, to Saratoga, and to all the other social

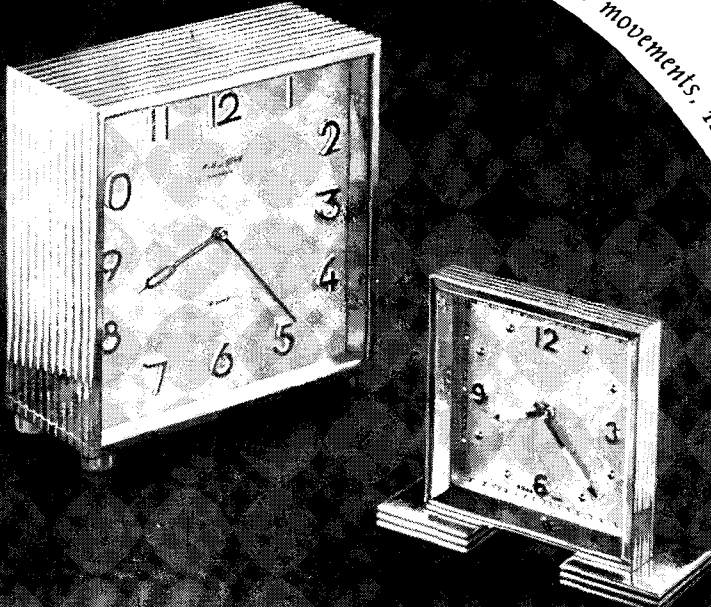


towns, where he introduced himself to the proconsuls and politely asked their cooperation in getting society notes and pictures. He was usually accompanied by Baron de Meyer, a kind of combination Cecil Beaton and Mike Romanoff of his day. Society people loved to be photographed by Baron de Meyer, who was the son of a Viennese horse breeder. Baron was one of his given names, but many people thought it was a title. He got his start in the world through his wife, who was supposed to be a natural daughter of Edward VII; on the strength of this, they had been accepted in fashionable European circles. Society's interest in the couple ended with the death of Edward, and they started life all over again as a roller-skating act in the Middle West. De Meyer soon decided, however, to take up photography, which he thought looked like a coming thing, and worked his way up until he was *Vogue's* star. Sell hired him away by offering him three times as much money as he was getting. Sell discovered that he could convert scorn for Hearst into something like admiration by spending Hearst's money in the right places and on the right things.

The effort to take the curse of Hearst's name off *Harper's Bazaar* was the beginning of Sell's career as a host. He won readers by feasting them. It was a slow and costly but effective way of doing the job. People felt better toward Hearst after they had had one of his filets mignons. Sell discovered, too, that one of the best weapons for conquering the American aristocracy was the British aristocracy. The British didn't care much one way or the other about Hearst and considered the distinction between a California upstart and a New York upstart too slight to be bothered with. Sell proceeded to grab off visiting dukes, duchesses, and earls for feeds at Sherry's and the Ritz. Once he had them, New York society was a cinch.

Sell was an influential man in fashion magazines. There is even a small band of Sell fanatics who claim that he was the Marconi of the industry. "I didn't invent anything," Sell says. "I just applied the methods of the Chicago police reporter to the job." Actually, it was more the press photographer's than the reporter's methods. When Sell took over, *Harper's Bazaar*, like *Vogue*, was averaging about forty or fifty per cent illustrations. About half the graphic material was sketches and half was photographs of society women. Sell left the artists who were supplying the

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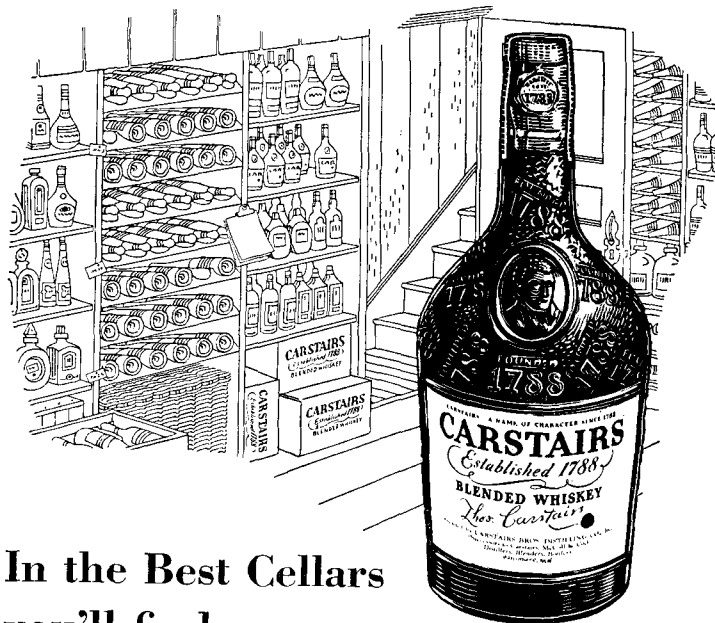


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sketches pretty much alone, but he completely reorganized the photography. The society photographs had mostly been carefully posed studio studies, the idea being to come as close as possible to Gainsborough. Generally, they were pictures of great ladies in white silk dresses sitting or standing with their backs to eighteenth-century tapestries, which mainly ran to horses. These photographs, arranged three or four to a page, were often oval-shaped or arched. Sell junked all this décor. He junked nearly all the posed pictures, too. In their place, he began to print informal Baron de Meyer snapshots of the great ladies with their backs not to frowzy studio tapestries but to the sands of Palm Beach, the seascape of the Côte d'Azur, the field-stone walls and privet hedges of their own gardens, and the gaudy murals of night clubs. In effect, he replaced the society portrait gallery with the society snapshot album. The few posed portraits he thought worth publishing were run not four to a page but one to a page, and the backgrounds were simple—a white wall or a black curtain. Devoting a whole page to a single picture was considered radical in those days. The rule had been to make pictures no larger than was absolutely necessary to show the details without causing eyestrain. In one issue, Sell, taking his cue from some of the Continental magazines, had a particularly attractive portrait printed running across all the margins and right off the edges of the page, in what printers call a "bleed." "I picked a time when Mr. Hearst was away and Ray Long wasn't looking," he recalls. "But they liked it when they saw it, and pretty soon all the magazines were doing it."

Sell introduced the readers of *Harper's Bazaar* to a new kind of celebrity. The factual material, before his regime, had consisted principally of reports on the season at Newport, the season at Saratoga, and the season at a number of other places. Sell found the articles dull and suspected that the readers did, too. He condensed the information they contained into captions for his pictures and devoted the space thus saved to articles about chefs, maîtres d'hôtels, dress designers, headwaiters, entertainers, and so on. It was a daring move, like presenting a queen with a portrait of her chambermaid, but society people found that the help were more interesting than they were. Sell also ran a lot of fiction in *Harper's Bazaar*, but he made no innovations in this field. Sell's only important service to American letters in

turned into Anita Loos's "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Miss Loos had written Ray Long about a conversation with a pair of chorus girls who wandered into the drawing room she and her husband, John Emerson, were occupying on a train to the Coast. Long showed it to Sell, who bullied Miss Loos into doing a story about the pair. "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" appeared serially in *Harper's Bazaar* in 1925 under the title of "Fate Keeps on Happening."

Hearst was impressed by Sell, who proved that he had thoroughly absorbed the publisher's philosophy of getting things done, which Hearst once summed up as "When you want a duck egg, get a duck." Hearst, especially admiring Sell's talent for dinner parties, put him to work entertaining for the Hearst organization. Even after Sell left *Harper's Bazaar*, he got an occasional call to supervise a party for Hearst. What with Hearst's money and his own imagination, his parties were among the most resplendent affairs of the twenties. Tradition went by the board when Sell got to work. He would import handsome trees from Vermont for a party and then have them tinted pink, white, or orange. Irish damask, considered by many the most elegant of table coverings, was considered by Sell acceptable for a picnic in the woods, but for a dinner party at Sherry's, the Ritz, or the Waldorf, the tables had to be covered with a mushy layer of rose petals. He liked to pile one sybaritic trapping on another, then suddenly break the sequence with an earthy touch. Three or four hours after the guests at a party at Sherry's had begun a feast involving nightingales' breasts under glass, some curtains along a side wall flew apart to admit a host of hot-dog carts, manned by a merry and noisy crew of Sicilians rounded up by Sell. His most dazzling production was a dinner party aboard the *Ile-de-France* when she docked here soon after her maiden voyage, in 1927. There were wheel chairs from the Atlantic City boardwalk to take guests from their taxis to their tables. Doormen from Sherry's helped the guests out of their cars and settled them in the chairs. In the pier shed, Sherry's waiters stood with magnums of champagne to slake any thirst that might develop en route. Gypsy fiddlers walked alongside the chairs as far as the gangplank. The main salon was hung with pink tarlatan, and pink and white trees were scattered about. The only illumination came from altar candles set before each guest's place at table. "It was the most sensuous damn

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 (Based on the novel by Thomas Heggen)
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 Settings by Jo Mielziner
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ETHEL MERMAN
 In The Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
 Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
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 The LAUGH-HIT
 with **JUDY HOLLIDAY • PAUL DOUGLAS**
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MARJORIE and SHERMAN EWING present
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ANGEL IN THE WINGS
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PAUL KELLY in
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thing I've ever seen," a man who was there says. "It was like a banquet in Hell."

There were unique Sell features about Sell parties, which, for the most part, were given simply to make friends for the Hearst organization. At some of them, every third person was the guest of honor. This meant that every one who came was either the guest of honor or seated next to him. "I'd just take a man aside," Sell says, "and tell him that though we weren't making any fuss about it, the party was really for him. I'd ask him not to mention it to anyone else. Then I'd tell the two who flanked him that I'd chosen them to sit next to the guest of honor. It worked out fine. Everybody felt happy and important." In his entertaining days, Sell was probably the country's largest purchaser of bath salts. He sprinkled them over painted trees, shook them into the folds of draperies, placed sachets of them here and there, and dissolved them in champagne buckets full of hot water placed under the dinner tables. The idea of giving a party with only one orchestra depressed him. He never had less than three. Having the orchestras play in rotation, however, seemed drab and uninteresting, so he rehearsed the musicians himself until one orchestra could stop playing in the middle of a phrase and another could pick up the tune without missing a beat. No matter how Sell's parties began, they almost always ended with gypsies, who, as the clock struck midnight, would rush in on the guests shouting and singing and shaking tambourines. Then they would scatter, some to tell fortunes, some to fiddle, and some to dance. At the end of the evening, Sell would bring out a bag of gold pieces and pay the gypsies off. He always paid his gypsies in gold.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

(This is the second of a series of three articles.)

Asked whether they wanted counsel, Rosenberg, 42, short and balding, wearing a rumpled lumber jacket and kneading a cop in his hands, said he did.—*The Mirror*.

He'll need counsel if that cop ever comes to.

THE OMNIPOTENT WHOMEVER

[Virgil Thomson in the Herald Tribune]

... and an even vaguer paragraph about Rameau or Couperin or Hans Christian Bach or whomever it was whose piece began the program.

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"HARVEY"
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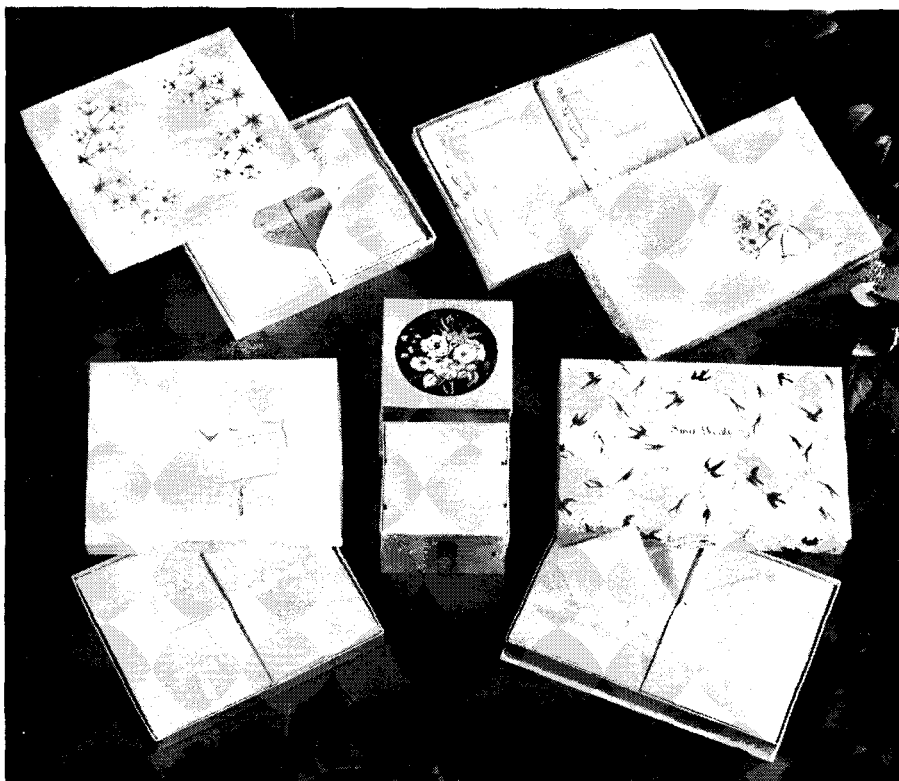
"John Loder is excellent. Vicki Cummings is splendidly bitchy. June Lockhart is altogether captivating in a slick show."
 —BARNES, Herald-Tribune
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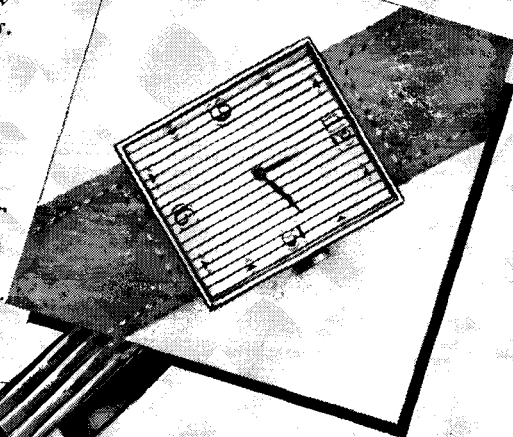
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OF ALL THINGS

APRIL brings us important G.O.P. primaries in Wisconsin and Nebraska. The biggest question of the month, however, is whether Truman can carry Italy.

Hope was expressed in the Senate that the split-income clause in the new tax bill would stimulate participation in holy wedlock. With this measure as law, we could expect to find more love-birds twittering in the upper brackets.

Mr. Truman reveals that he is confident he will be nominated and elected. He is apparently expecting to be cast as the hero of a picture called "Miracle on Pennsylvania Avenue."

The Dixie Democrats are going grimly ahead with their Party-partition plan. There are indications that many a friend of the South will show up in Philadelphia on a white horse.

The government has been seriously considering the possibility of curbing the activities of the United Mine Workers. Whether this would drive the miners underground, nobody knows.

At the time of writing no progress has been made toward the settlement of the meat strike. The stockyard workers appear determined to observe Be Kind to Animals Month.

Former King Michael visited the White House and found the President sympathetic to his aim to regain his throne. It seems that Michael dropped in to have his royalty tested.

A Brooklyn judge has ruled that the arrival of a new baby in an apartment does not constitute ground for an increase in rent. His Honor holds that the event is a blessed one for the parents, not for the landlord.

G.O.P. Chairman Reece tells his Party leaders that the issue of the coming campaign is Pendergastism. Voters are asked to refrain from dragging in questions like high prices, the housing shortage, and world peace.

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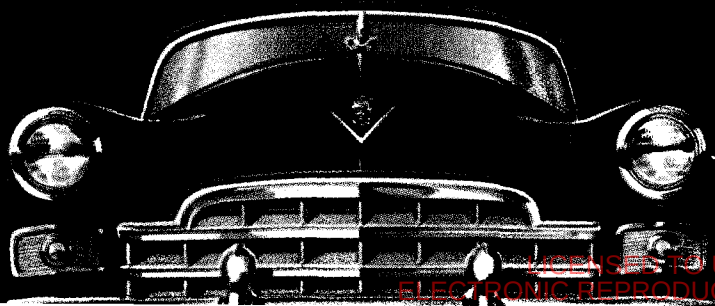
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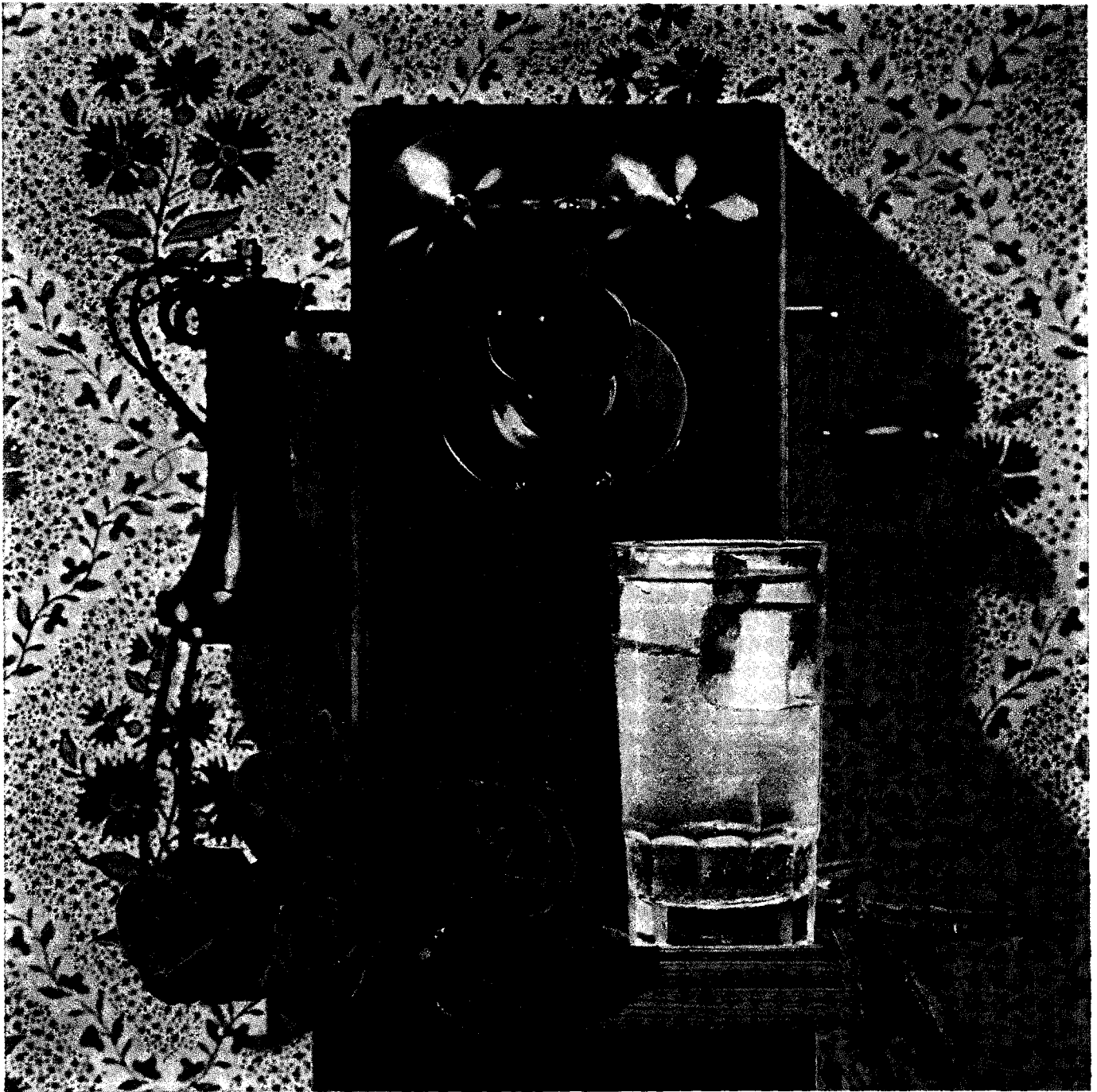


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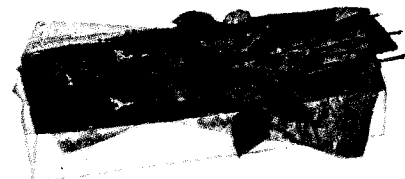
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LETTER FROM LONDON

MARCH 23

IT may be a lucky thing for the British to have so much on their minds that rumblings of more troubles ahead make little difference to them. The reaction of most Britons to the alarming talk of disaster that has been going around resembles that of a man who, while working like mad to patch up his leaking roof, hears reports that a hurricane may come along and flatten the house, roof and all. The hurricane may not arrive, but his damp and irritable family is at that moment inside the house, so he gets on with the roof. It is also possible that the calm with which people have viewed the recent writing on the Eastern wall is due to the fact that their papers haven't had much newsprint to devote to it. Editors of the four-page penny dailies toss a coin to decide whether to let the European situation or the economic crisis at home take over the front page, though they give a whole page to sports and chop up the rest of their columns to fit in such domestic items as murder trials, Easter-cake recipes, and the news that Princess Margaret has let down the hem of her old coat three inches. Professor J. B. S. Haldane (whose wartime prophecies of the destruction that would follow aerial attacks turned out, as it happened, to be too gloomy) has been quoted as saying that "we should be lucky if we had as few as two million killed and many more seriously injured" in the event of an atomic-bomb attack on this island, but the furrowed brows with which Londoners have studied their papers these last weeks were quite certainly connected with form for the Grand National Steeplechase rather than any forecast of horrors. Life is lived on such a narrow plane between gloom and cheerfulness that the citizen can feel elated by a small triumph like finding that the corner tobacconist has cigarettes, or by the look of the piles of oranges and grapefruits, now off the ration, that turn every street barrow into a blaze of color as brilliant as a van Gogh, or simply by the wonderful spring sunshine, in which even shabby London looks gay. In support of the steadying long view, it was announced not long ago that Gerald Barry, until lately the managing editor of the liberal *News Chronicle*, is to be the chief organizer of the Festival of Britain, the great exhibition that will be held in

London, God willing, at the sturdily distant date of 1951.

THERE are some reassuring signs that this outward serenity is not the trance of somnambulism. The events in Czechoslovakia and, above everything else, the death of a much loved honorary Londoner, Jan Masaryk, have had the effect of goading public opinion along to a point where, for once, it and the Government and His Majesty's Loyal Opposition are all saying the same thing with the same determination. Because of apprehension, the move toward a tight union of Western powers made as much progress in a day

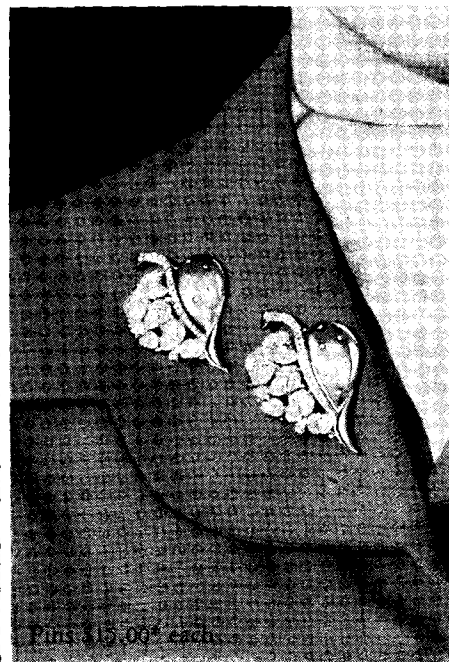
as it might have made in years of Parliamentary discussion and private arguing during more settled times. It is interesting to see how fast the British are becoming reconciled to forgetting that they are islanders and remembering that they are part of a continent. It has been strange, too, to view the spry gymnastics of the extreme sections of the Left Wing, which used to advocate cuddling up to Russia and not getting too deeply entangled with the august bearded gentleman with all those dreadful dollars, and which now have recoiled in a single, surprising somersault. The Keep Left group, which backed Wallace when he was over here, has had to rearrange itself hastily in order not to become anything so old-fashioned as a Get Left Behind group. Its position currently can hardly be distinguished from popular center. The landscape is changing so fast that there are many who believe that when the picture finally gets into focus, it may turn out to represent the first foothills of that United Europe we have been hearing about for so long.

Few people seem to feel entirely happy about the matter of purging Communists from sensitive spots in the state service, even though the trial of the British scientist who gave information to the Soviet is still fresh in memory. The public realizes that the liberalism of its outlook is not enough, at least for fighting Communism at home, but it doesn't relish the present remedy, either. There will always be fierce dislike of the idea of a secret police in this country, which has just gone bust fighting Fascism and yet permits Sir Oswald Mosley to walk abroad and address the populace whenever he chooses. Lots of Britons think

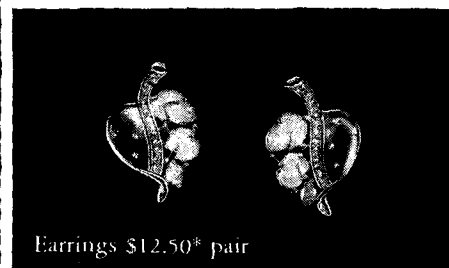


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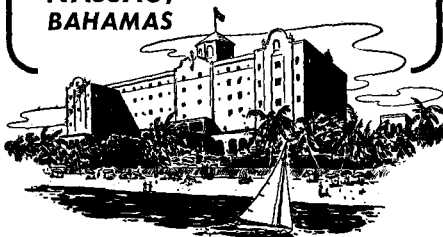


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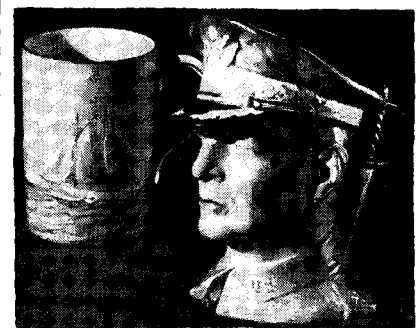
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fencing off Communists, though perhaps necessary, establishes a dangerous precedent, which may threaten some highly cherished things. Their feeling this way at such a time is probably reassuring, too.

LIFE may seem normal, at least on the surface, but business in London is bad. The merchants say that the crowds spend more time window-shopping than purchasing, because of the common malaise of not being sure about anything, or because of patriotic economy in answer to Sir Stafford Cripps' demands that there be less buying, or in anticipation of the new budget, which is expected to cut the purchase tax on many goods. At the moment, whatever the reason, people are doing another thing that Cripps wants them to do—holding off spending big money, or even fairly small money, for entertainment. It is now possible to walk into most restaurants around Piccadilly and get a table without much trouble, which it certainly wasn't a short time back. The cinemas appear to be doing only mild business. The news that they will be showing new Hollywood productions again by summer has been received with delight by the exhibitors, who were feeling the drought, and with reservations by the British film industry, which is not certain that permitting American companies to produce films over here, as the new agreement provides, is such a welcome plan, considering the already congested studios. British films have not been outstanding lately, and it is sadly obvious that one "Hamlet" doesn't necessarily make a summer. In fact, it hasn't yet even made a spring, although this long-awaited Laurence Olivier production is now completed. The latest big British picture to be released is a confection called "Corridor of Mirrors," which was given a slap-up opening and a good deal of preliminary boosting. The star is a hitherto unknown actress, Edana Romney, who also had a hand in writing the story. It concerns a wealthy, eccentric gentleman who likes to hark back to a former incarnation in the Renaissance by giving Venetian revels in his rococo palace, which is made out to be in staid Regent's Park and, apparently, takes in the adjacent Regent's Canal and most of the Zoo by way of a back yard. It's really no surprise that lots of Londoners, wondering these nights whether to see a movie or stay home and listen to the radio, plump for the radio.

The theatres, too, are suffering, with the exception, of course, of such estab-



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lished successes as Robert Morley in "Edward, My Son." Many shows are closing in the next few weeks, among them "Cockpit," a highly interesting piece of work by Bridget Boland, a new playwright, who has been working with the British Control Commission in Germany. Her play is probably too painfully topical to be popular at the moment. It is laid in a theatre in the British Zone in Germany (by a dramatic device, this is purportedly the very theatre in which the audience is sitting), where a harassed young captain and an N.C.O. are attempting to sort out hundreds of displaced persons, who have taken over the building until they can be sent back home or to the ruin of detention camps. Collaborationists scream their innocence from the galleries, an apparent case of hubonic plague is discovered in a box, and dishevelled characters in Belsen rags shamble out of the stalls onto the stage. The threat of plague momentarily stops politics, unites enemies, and achieves, through fear, the comradeship that the captain has vainly been urging. The moment the disease turns out not to be plague after all, the trouble starts again. The captain pronounces the play's sombre epitaph, which could be Europe's, too. "Very well," he says to the turbulent mob, "I have failed. But at least you have seen that it can be done."

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

Bermuda ships of the Furness-Withy Line have been filled up for March and April for some time, and are booed heavily through the Summer.—*Buffalo Courier-Express*.

Well, you can always stay in your cabin and drink.

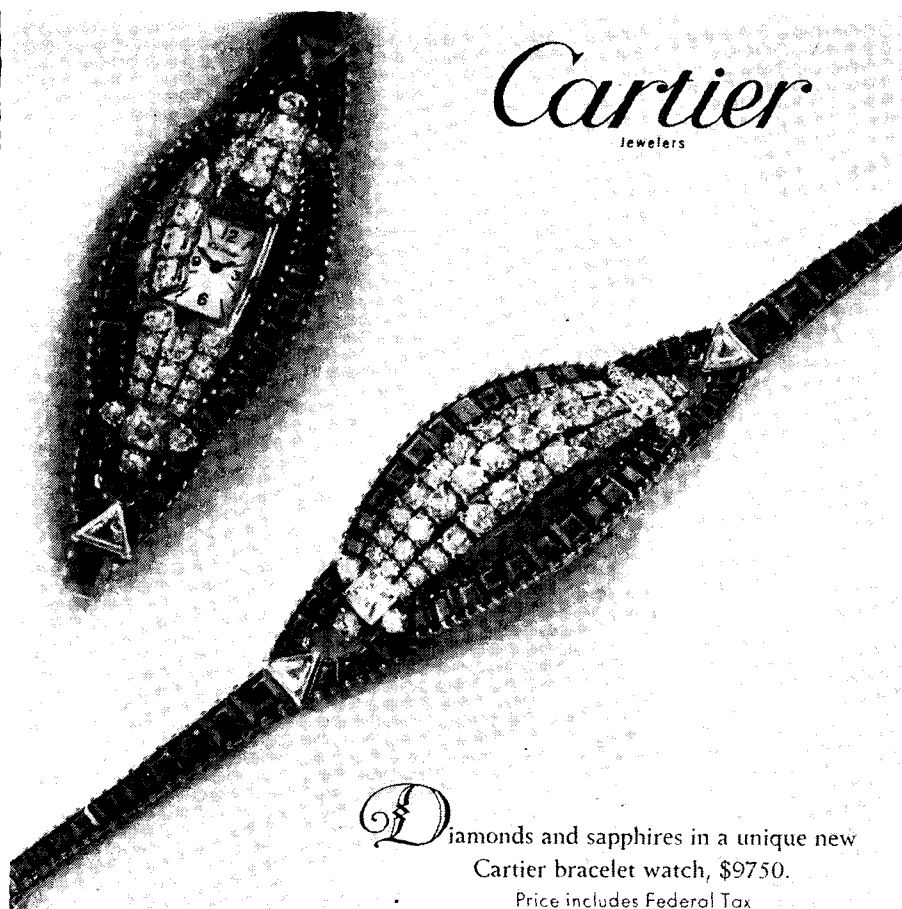
But one lady deserves particular mention. Ninety-six-year-old Mrs. William Wood, 20 S. Menard Ave., came once a week to the church and made little dollars out of odds and ends of string and turned the proceeds over to the fund. —*Chicago Sun*.

Yes, she *does* deserve particular mention.

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

The weather willing and your garden soil well prepared, you should be able to plant at least a dozen important vegetables in the New York area some time during the next two weeks.—*The Herald Tribune*, March 21.

The ground will be too wet for three weeks or possibly a month to plant vegetable seeds in the vicinity of New York —*The Times*, same day.



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in this week's Post you'll find:

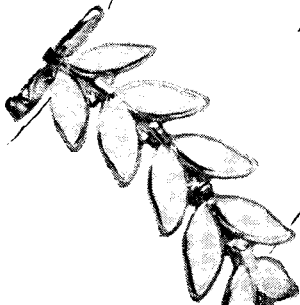
War with Russia? Hanson Baldwin, noted military analyst, presents a brilliant argument for a compromise to avoid war in "We Must Accept Two Worlds."

If you were engaged to a middle-aged bully and met a handsome young pilot, would you do the strange things Dottie does in Robert Carson's gay new serial "You Got to Stay Happy"?

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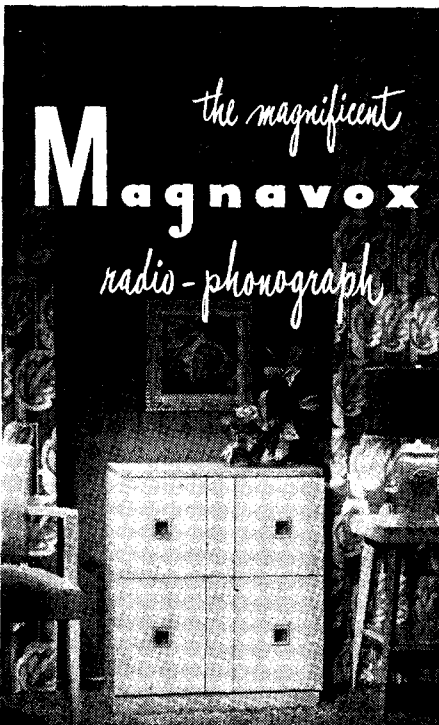
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conversation in today's Post

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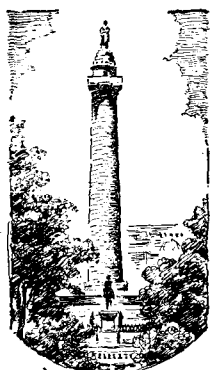
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Disinherited

THE terrible tragedy of the dispossessed children of Europe provides the theme of "The Search," a picture Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer can be proud to have had a hand in. It was photographed against the background of shattered Germany and portrays the frantic efforts of a Czechoslovakian mother to find her small son, who disappeared during the war. While the mother wanders from one D.P. camp to another, the boy, as wild and inarticulate as an animal, flees a U.N.R.R.A. establishment in southern Germany, because he fears that an ambulance in which he is being transported is a motorized gas chamber, similar to those used by the Nazis for wholesale executions. The boy is picked up by a couple of American soldiers, who presently coax him to put aside his mute terror of the world, to learn English, and to rediscover his need for a mother, a being whose existence he had forgotten about. Ivan Jandl, a nine-year-old from Prague, who had never acted in the movies before, is wonderfully competent in the principal role, and another small boy (Leopold Borkowski), cast as a Jewish lad who pretends to be a Catholic in the desperate hope that he will thus be safe forever, is almost as good. Of the others in the picture, Montgomery Clift, as one of the American soldiers who undertake the restoration of Master Jandl; Aline MacMahon, as a U.N.R.R.A. worker; and Jarmila Novotna, the Metropolitan Opera soprano, as the boy's mother, are most conspicuously helpful. My few objections to "The Search" center on its tendency to take off on superfluous sentimental tangents and to manufacture suspense out of elements too spurious to have any business in a film concerned with such powerful stuff; it is quite clear early in the picture, for instance, that the boy and his mother are being kept apart only by the artificial requirements of the script. "The Search" was produced by Lazar Wechsler, who gave us "The Last Chance," and, like that film, it incorporates a variety of languages into its dialogue. That helps a great deal to give it an air of authenticity.



Washington Slept Here" and is just as amiable. It deals once again with city folk going to the country and getting into all kinds of rural housing difficulties. This time, the joke is more elaborate than it was in "George Washington," since it describes not only the perils of living in the country but also those of living in town, and I think the additional material is all to the good. The picture, based on Eric Hodgins' account of the problem of getting along with architects and builders, many of whom are just as eccentric as he makes them out to be, includes all the standard ingredients, from the closet in the hall that disgorges everything in it when the door is opened to the springs in the cellar that rise like the Mississippi without warning. The film, however, has been quite ingeniously put together, and it is fortunate in having Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, and Melvyn Douglas as its principals.

A LOT of the wordiness of the stage version of "All My Sons" has been cut out of the movie, and the result is an effective melodrama, longer on ideas than the usual Hollywood commodity. The film, it is true, is a little slow getting under way and depends too much on obvious dramatic contrivances, but once it really gets rolling, there's excitement enough to make you forget the factitious nature of the plot. "All My Sons," for those who need a refresher on the subject, is the story of a money-hungry industrialist who ships a batch of defective airplane-engine cylinders to the Air Forces, blames his partner for the crime, and causes one of his sons, an aviator, to commit suicide out of shame. Another son, newly returned from the war, refuses to believe in his father's guilt until overwhelmed by incriminating facts, whereupon he tries to kill the old man. Meanwhile he has fallen in love with the partner's daughter and has also had an emotional time of it at home, owing to his mother's iron refusal to believe in the death of his brother. This mélange of circumstances may sound hopeless and incredible, but I can assure you it doesn't make a dull movie. Among those in the cast, Mady Christians stands out, in the role of the mother, and she is capably supported by Edward G. Robinson, Burt

"MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE" is cut from the same piece of goods as "George

Lancaster, Louisa Horton, and Howard Duff.

"B. F.'s DAUGHTER" involves us with a New Dealer, who sets forth his views in such a garbled fashion that it's hard to tell him from an Old Dealer, and his rich wife, who keeps trying to make life more comfortable for him, even though he resents her efforts. These parts are played in glacial style by Van Heflin and Barbara Stanwyck, abetted by Charles Coburn, as B. F. himself, and Keenan Wynn, as a radio commentator. The picture derives from the novel by J. P. Marquand. He must have been listening to the afternoon soap serials a lot when he wrote it.

ANNA MAGNANI, presented, in "Angelina," as a resident of a crumbling housing development built years before by Mussolini, on the outskirts of Rome, proves once again that she is as fine an actress as the movies have to offer today. However, except for a few bright moments, she isn't given much help by the script. It makes her out to be a housewifely agitator, whose efforts to improve the living conditions of her neighbors result in her being suspected of conniving with the landlord, a point of view rendered credible by the fact that the landlord's son is in love with her daughter. The picture finally resolves itself by planting all hands in a handsome new housing development and restoring Miss Magnani to the affections of her neighbors. Miss Magnani deserves better than this one.

THERE are quite a few diverting episodes in "Mr. Orchid," a French film written by Noël-Noël, who also plays the title role, but the piece doesn't hang together well enough. It is yet another account of the French Resistance movement during the Occupation, and it relates the story of an orchid fancier, widely believed to be a collaborationist, who is actually the chief of an underground group that constantly frustrates the Nazis. The film struck me as rather unlikely; the Germans in it seem not only stupid but downright feeble-minded, and the French are so phenomenally successful in their operations that it's extremely difficult to worry about the possible failure of any of their plans. The acting, however, is uniformly first-rate. —JOHN McCARTEN

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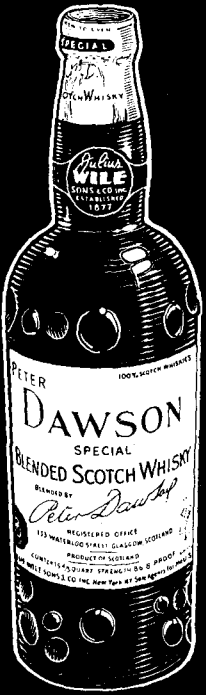
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DEPT. OF CORRECTION AND AMPLIFICATION

MARCH 20, 1948

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
GENTLEMEN:

IN his excellent piece on gout in your issue of March 13th, Berton Roueché remarks, "The hereditary nature of gout may have been suspected by Mother Goose (whose works, as it happens, mention no other disease) when she wrote:

Lazy Tom with jacket blue.
Stole his father's gouty shoe.
The worst of harm that Dad can wish him.
Is his gouty shoe may fit him."

Mr. Roueché's parenthetical remark, as it happens, is not entirely correct. My edition of "Mother Goose's Book of Nursery Rhymes and Songs" (Everyman's Library, first issued in London in 1910) contains "Poor Pussy," of which the first two stanzas run:

Why is Pussy in bed?
She is sick, says the fly.
And I fear she will die;
And that's why she's in bed.

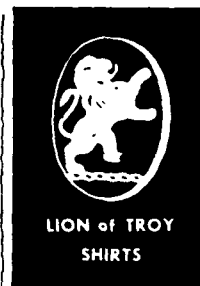
Pray, what's her disorder?
A lock'd jaw's come on.
Said the fine downy swan;
And that's her disorder.

More important than this one explicit medical reference, which Mr. Roueché may easily have overlooked or which may not have been in his edition (since any number of differing Mother Goose collections have been published since the first edition, in English, "Mother Goose Melodies," in 1719), are the innumerable descriptions of ailments that are not named. Thus, the crooked man who went a crooked mile was clearly crippled by arthritis or severe rheumatism; Peter White, who "would ne'er go right," because

He follows his nose wherever he goes,
And that stands all awry,

was suffering from a deviated septum; and the wondrous wise man of Newington who jumped into a quickset hedge and scratched out both his eyes, then jumped into another hedge and scratched them in again, seems to have been suffering from hysterical blindness and to have tried something very like our present-day psychiatric technique of re-enactment to cure it.

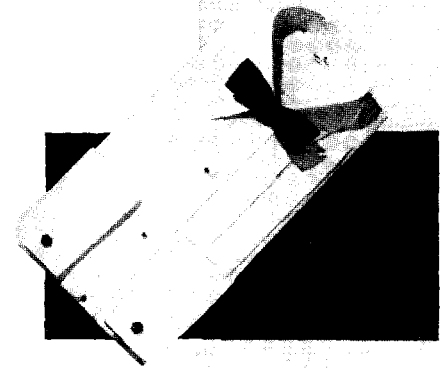
Many of the ailments in "Mother Goose," in fact, are mental, either organic or functional. There are at least three clear-cut cases of the sort of war neurosis we have become familiar with



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during the past decade: Corporal Tim, in the rhyme

Corporal Tim
Was dressed so trim.
He thought them all afraid of him;
But sad to say,
The very first day
We had a fight.
He died of fright.
And that was the end of Corporal Tim,

and Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee, whose fear of a crow, during their fight, was certainly excessive and neurotic. Simple Simon, unable to distinguish between the water of a pail and the water of a fishpond, was obviously a mental defective, probably a low-grade moron. Some of the characters in the book seem plainly insane. The man whose father left him three acres of land and who plowed it with a ram's horn, sowed it with one peppercorn, harrowed it with a bramblebush, and reaped it with his little penknife was a severe case of dementia praecox. The old woman who was tossed in a blanket and announced that she was going to sweep the cobwebs off the sky was paranoid, and the blanket may have been an early form of shock therapy. The famous little girl with the curl, who was alternately very, very good and horrid, patently represents a manic-depressive psychosis. Finally, the hero or heroine who reported, on going over the water:

I saw two little blackbirds sitting on a tree:
The one called me a rascal.
The other called me thief;
As I went over the water
I dropt my han'kerchief.

was apparently suffering from hallucinations and mild delusions of persecution, which may have turned into just about anything unless the patient was treated in time.

A number of "Mother Goose" characters suffer from very tangible physical ailments. Johnnie Martin, who bent his bow, shot at a pigeon, and killed a crow, may simply have had bad aim, but the tailor who aimed at the carrion crow and shot his old sow quite through the heart had myopia or astigmatism, or a combination of both. Some of the symptoms seem glandular. The woman of the jungle that begins

I had a little husband,
No bigger than my thumb

had either married a case of severe pituitary deficiency or was herself a case of equally extreme pituitary excess. In some of the rhymes, the diet is the revealing symptom. Thus, Jack Sprat, with his all lean fare, was almost certainly a case of anorexia, while his wife,

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who ate only fat, was probably attempting to correct a Vitamin B deficiency. One classic provides examples of two ailments:

The girl in the lane, that couldn't speak plain,
Cried "Gobble, gobble, gobble":
The man on the hill, that couldn't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

The girl must have had a cleft palate, and the man probably had St. Vitus's dance. Finally, the little pig that wanted to go to the wood, find his mother, and kiss her to death appears to have had an Oedipus complex with exaggerated sado-masochistic features.

Any number of other ailments are described in the book, from head colds to compulsion neuroses. In fact, "Mother Goose," despite the levity with which it occasionally treats some of its clinical material, is practically a complete up-to-date symptomatology.

I remain, yours for the progress of diagnostic techniques,

STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN

A fine, delicious soup stock, but unfortunately it can be made only in March and April. The specialty of this soup is the egg of the lapwing. Lapwings lay eggs in March and April, not in their nests, but somewhere in the wheatfields. Any person walking through the fields will scare the lapwing, and it will fly high, but remain circling above the spot in the air. As the person stops for a minute, the lapwing will settle back on her eggs. Watching carefully, the place where the eggs may be found can easily be determined.

This soup is prepared with identically the same ingredients as plain beef broth, the only exception being that the beef should be old and fibrous. Cook well, for at least 2 hours, then take the meat out and throw it away, as it cannot be used for any other purpose.

Then place into the soup young, tender beef instead; cook for an hour, no longer, this time being sufficient for the meat to become tender and soft, so that after the soup, it may be served with any kind of gravy or sauce, providing a tasty and juicy meat.

Place on every guest's plate 2 hard-boiled lapwing's eggs, pour the soup over it, and serve.—"Hungarian Cookery," *St. Marks Printing & Publishing Co., N. Y.*

To the wheatfields, men!

Saltonstall was conventionally graduated from Harvard in 1914, and was secretary of his class. His scholastic record was not distinguished, nor did he do anything notable in athletics, though he played hockey and captained the first and only crew to win the Henley cup.—"Inside U.S.A.," by John Gunther.

Sickly, probably



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HOT SPOT

WHEN I was in Trieste not long ago (it was a week or so prior to that perennially uneasy city's recent eruption into the world's diplomatic news), I was told that an examination of the town's newspaper-printing facilities would afford me an interesting, if by no means typical, example of how the politically varicolored *Triestini* manage to get along with each other. The war, the occupation by the Germans, and the boisterous activities of the Yugoslav partisans who ran the Germans out have left Trieste (pop. 278,000) with only one modern rotary press, on which the city's five daily papers, seven weeklies and semi-weeklies, and the United States Army service magazine *Blue Devil* are printed. For convenience, all the newspapers, from the extreme Left to the extreme Right, have their editorial offices in the printing plant, which is owned by a private company called the Stabilimento Tipografico Triestino. On the second floor, opening on a long corridor, are the offices of the *Giornale di Trieste*, the city's conservative paper, backed by financial and big-business interests, and, next to it, the *Lavoratore* (*Worker*), official organ of the Trieste Communist Party, and the *Corriere di Trieste*, which follows the line of the Nenni Socialists in Italy. There are no partitions or railings in the hallway to mark off practical or philosophical boundaries. In fact, the only ideological distinction that I could see when I dropped in at this magpie institution around noon one day was that in the offices of the *Giornale* the furniture was polished, the filing cabinets were new and shining, and the notices pasted on the walls were all written in Italian, whereas the *Lavoratore* region was characterized by drab wooden chairs, unscrubbed floors, pictures of Stalin, Tito, and Marx, and bilingual notices, in Italian and Yugoslav. The secretary general of the Stabilimento, Dr. Massimo Martini, a slim, harassed-looking man, who was showing me around, assured me

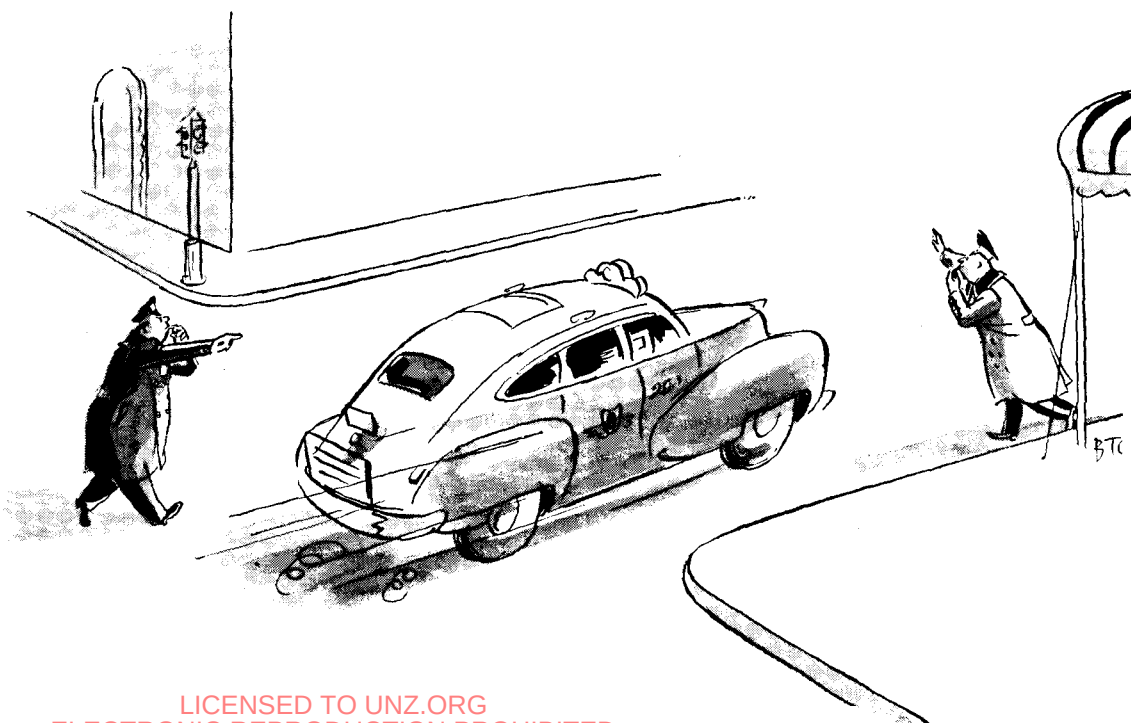
polemics, on which Trieste's newspapers traditionally thrive, are hardly ever carried over into inter-office wrangles. "Oh, of course, an editor will occasionally complain about the disappearance of an important piece of copy, which later turns up prominently in another paper," Dr. Martini said, "but such events are rather rare."

Down in the composing room, an airy, indirectly lighted place, where Dr. Martini took me next, the front pages of the Communist *Lavoratore* and the *Voce Libera*, a violently anti-Communist, Italian republican paper, were being made up on adjoining tables. While I was watching, a compositor at the *Voce Libera* table who seemed hard pressed for time asked a temporarily idle colleague of *Lavoratore* to help him out with a headline; the *Lavoratore* fellow went over with his composing stick and made up the headline, which, Dr. Martini later informed me with apparent satisfaction, contained a dreadful calumny on the integrity of the *Lavoratore*. A dapper gentleman from the *Lavoratore* table came up to speak to Dr. Martini and was introduced to me as Fransin Odino, one of the managers of the Communist paper. "The trouble with the *Voce Libera* is that they insist on having last-minute flashes," he said. "Our paper doesn't depend on such stunts, being concerned mainly with the broader issues of the day." At that point, a white-bearded patriarch, who looked as if he had just stepped out of

a Michelangelo painting, appeared with some copy, and Signor Odino hustled back to his table and started breaking up the *Lavoratore's* front page, evidently in anticipation of having to reconstruct one of the broader issues of the day. Dr. Martini said that these two competing afternoon papers had agreed to come out at the same time and at the same price—ten lire for a two-page edition, fifteen lire for a four-page one—in order to make things easier for the newsboys. Trieste's three morning papers—the pro-Allied *Giornale di Trieste*, the pro-Italian *Corriere di Trieste*, and the pro-Tito *Primorski Dnevnik*, which is written in Slovenian—have a similar agreement. Each paper is allotted four linotype machines, and all of them share the plant's photoengraving equipment.

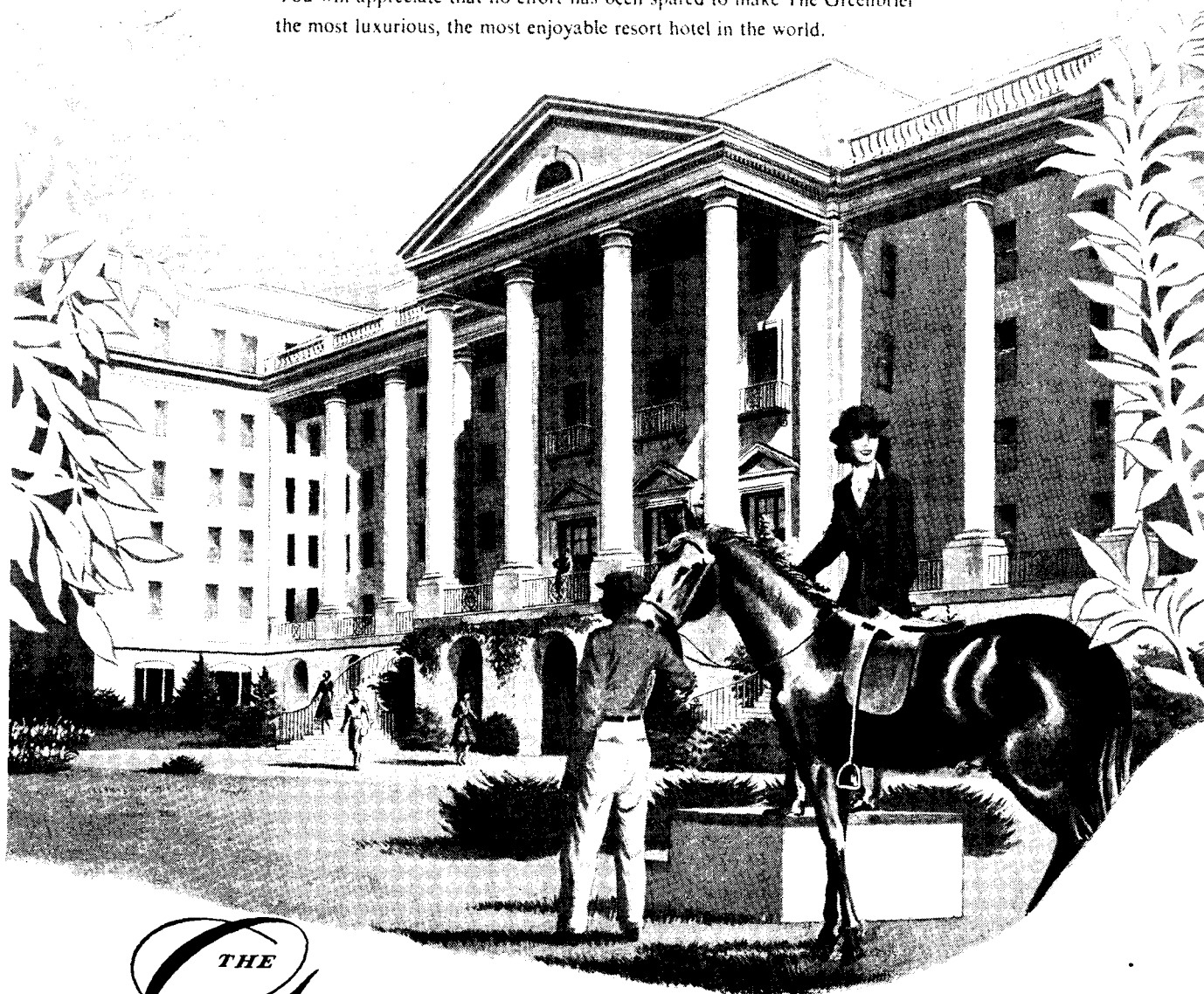
Soon a bell rang, indicating press time, and Dr. Martini led me to the pressroom, in the basement. A few minutes later, Trieste's one rotary press began to turn slowly, and the first, moist copies of *Lavoratore* and *Voce Libera* came out through two of the machine's four chutes. Dr. Martini picked up a copy of each paper. "Look at those front pages," he said happily. "Nothing but outrage and insults." The rollers started whirling faster, spitting out Left Wing and Right Wing papers at increasing speed.

REGRETTABLY, the all-party rotary press was one of the few cheerful phenomena that I came across during my stay in the Free Territory of Trieste, as the area is called in the



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peace treaty with Italy, signed on February 10, 1947, by all the nations that had been at war with her, and put into effect on September 15th. According to the treaty, which the Western powers would now like to rewrite, the Free Territory was to be jointly administered—until the United Nations appointed a permanent governor, at least—by the British, United States, and Yugoslav Military Governments. In practice, I found, it is almost as difficult for an American to get from the British-United States area, which takes in the city and port of Trieste, plus a narrow rural belt, into Zone B, the large, southern part of the Free Territory, inhabited by seventy thousand people and administered by the Yugoslav Military Government, as it is to get into Yugoslavia itself, which closes in on the Territory from three sides. One day, I drove ten miles out of town to the nearest road block between the two zones, in the village of Albaro Vescova, south of Trieste. After I left the city and began heading through the dreary open countryside, I noticed that almost every house and wall displayed a Communist slogan. As I approached the demarcation line, the number of the slogans increased. There were stencilled pictures of Tito and Stalin, nicely painted Yugoslav flags, hammers-and-sickles, and all kinds of inscriptions, such as "VV Tito" and "Zivca Federaciona in Demokracicna Jugoslavia." I saw one sign that said, in eight-foot letters, "We Want Freedom—Help Us Join Yugoslavia." I gathered that it had been painted in 1945, just before the arrival of a United Nations commission, and had been left untouched by the British and Americans, possibly as proof of the existence of freedom of expression on their side of the line. Trieste police and Military Government officers claimed that most of these exhortations were painted at night by Communist "bucket brigades." However, there appeared to be little doubt that this rural border region of the British-United States Zone was fairly well disposed toward Tito. The area, though only a few miles from the hotels and shops of Trieste, is representative of the Darkest Balkans, for the people live in utter poverty. Women carry pails of water on their heads. Stray dogs wander through the streets of villages still pockmarked from heavy shell-

came across amid the general air of depression were signs, nailed by the British forces to trees or house walls, reading, "To Nomads' Rugby Football Club!"

The British-American road block in Albaro Vescova was merely a red-and-white wooden barrier, guarded at the time of my visit by a few Trieste policemen under the surveillance of two Tommies. About thirty yards farther along the road was another wooden barrier, tended by two Yugoslav soldiers. I was told of a nearby quarry of high-quality white marble, which, like all building materials, is urgently needed in Trieste, that could not be exploited, since the main vein happened to be smack in the middle of the no man's land between the two barriers. There was no after-duty camaraderie between the two sets of guards. Back in 1945—"it seems like centuries ago now," a Trieste policeman said to me—they would occasionally meet for a glass of wine, but the high-level political divergences had worked their way down to even the corporals and sergeants at the road block. The British major in charge of the police detachment that controlled the Albaro Vescova road block, a ruddy, cheerful man from Aberdeen, told me that he hadn't seen his Yugoslav opposite number for over a year. "There is a profound and reciprocal lack of interest," he said with a shrug. He informed me



that no more than a few hundred people a day cross the line, most of them residents of villages in the vicinity who have business on both sides. A good number of people from the southern side cross over to buy food, which is scarce in Zone B, where the Yugoslavs have carried out an agrarian reform, expropriating the estates of big landowners and dividing them among the agricultural laborers, and plentiful in Trieste, where the bread is as white as it is in America, since it is made of

American flour. (Ninety per cent of the food in Trieste comes from the United States.) Practically the only traffic that moves freely across the border is a steady flow of mutual accusations between the governing powers.

MILITARY GOVERNMENT officials in Trieste assured me that in an honest, secret plebiscite, about eighty per cent of the urban population—including members of the Communist-controlled

labor unions, most of whom are Italian by birth and in sympathies and held under Tito's thumb only by Party discipline—would vote to return to Italy if there were any guarantee that they would be protected from Tito's expansionist aspirations. Presumably, such a guarantee is implicit in the current tripartite proposal to effect this reunion. As far as I could make out, the only people who were still for a Free Territory of Trieste were a few thousand elderly *Triestini*, too few to have any political importance. (The paper that presents their views, the *Trieste Sera*, appears twice weekly, in an edition of about seven thousand copies.) They remember nostalgically the city's golden era, before the first World War, when Trieste was the major Adriatic seaport of the Hapsburg empire and when everybody was making a lot of money. Those affluent days are responsible for the appearance of prosperity that the port still affects—the solid, ornate, unimaginative buildings, the broad streets, and the casual air with which all business transactions are conducted. Trieste was the home office of big banks, steamship lines (Lloyd-Triestino and Cosulich), and insurance companies (Assicurazioni Generali and Riunione Adriatica di Sicurtà). Even though the city has been under Italian influence for hundreds of years—the fortress of Trieste was founded in pre-Roman days, and the seaport has been populated by Italians ever since—it still looks very Austrian. The marble-adorned palaces built during the Fascist heyday have not exactly contributed to Trieste's architectural beauty, but they have not changed the city's character much, either. Some *Triestini* feel like kicking themselves whenever they think back on the Austrian era. "We were all Irredentists in our young days," a gray-haired businessman told me. "Everybody was busily plotting against the Emperor Francesco Giuseppe, but down in the port the cranes, lifts, warehouses, and piers were rattling with activity. The port was the source of our prosperity, since we have never produced any consumer goods and have to import nearly all food, fuel, and clothing. Look at the port today. It's a cemetery. Last week, four vessels arrived—all United States ships carrying food for Trieste and relief shipments of wheat and coal for Austria."

NOT long ago, the *Triestini* who most fear the appearance of Tito's forces in the streets became considerably alarmed when they learned that the

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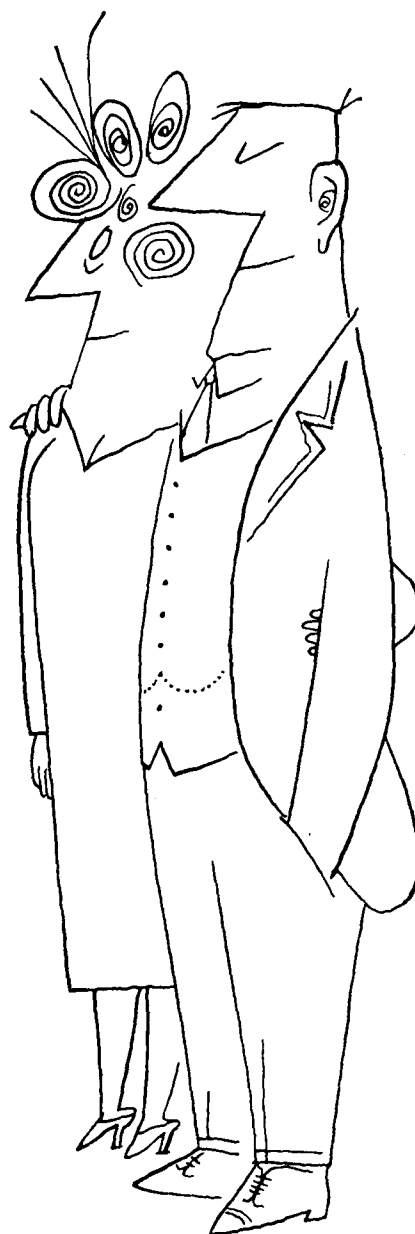
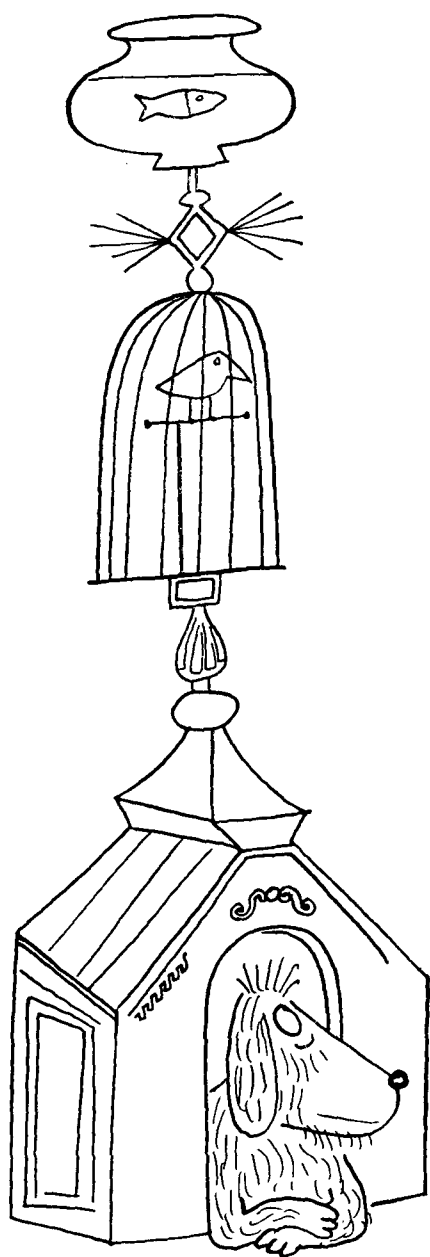
Hattie Carnegie

British and Americans were pulling their outpost platoons back from the road blocks along the Yugoslav border, leaving the job of guarding the barriers to the Trieste police and to one or two G.I.s or British soldiers with field telephones to unit headquarters in the rear. The Trieste police force is an ambitious if somewhat amateurish outfit of five thousand men, dressed in blue uniforms and high helmets not unlike London bobbies'. They are drilled by Allied officers, and commanded by Colonel Gerald Richardson, O.B.E., who in civil life is a Scotland Yard divisional detective inspector. Two years ago, the Allies had trouble finding men for the police, because the jobs were thought to be too dangerous, but today the male population of Trieste seems to be divided into two groups—those already working for the police force and those who want to start. A policeman gets fifteen thousand lire, or twenty-six dollars, a month, an additional amount if he has a wife and children, free quarters, and, best of all, the generous rations that the Italian troops who served in Italy with the Allied Forces got during the war. I was told by a police officer that except for keeping an eye on the road blocks and running down smugglers in the harbor area—neither of which is too arduous—the police's most frequent duty is breaking up political demonstrations, which occur with uncompromising regularity. The *Triestini* are old hands at throwing bombs and grenades, and they shoot at one another with abandon. The police have devised a system of crowd control based on three-ton water trucks equipped with pumps and fire hoses. Advance notice of political meetings must be given to the Allied authorities, who try to avert bloodshed by assigning the demonstrators to a certain street or a certain square, by forbidding the importation of speakers from outside the Territory, and by forcing the organizations to hold their meetings at inconvenient hours, such as two o'clock Sunday afternoon, when everybody would rather take a nap than throw bombs. As an added precaution, the police always ransack every house in the vicinity of a proposed meeting, and always come up with a collection of murderous weapons.

All the dozen parties and factions in Trieste like to stage demonstrations, and the Communists, most powerful and best organized of the parties, hold the noisiest ones. The number of actual Party members in the city is thought to be about eight thousand, but the number of sympathizers is estimated at from fifteen to twenty per cent of Trieste's population. The Communist membership is drawn from the shipyards of Muggia and San Andrea, the harbor district, the steel plants and oil refineries, the suburbs of Trieste—especially San Giacomo, which is called Little Stalingrad—and from among the city's thirty thousand unemployed. The Party is run by Vittorio Vidali, a forty-seven-year-old veteran of the Spanish Civil War, in which he commanded the 5th Loyalist Regiment. Before that, between 1923 and 1927, Vidali lived in New York. In 1927, when the American government instituted deportation proceedings against him on the charge that he had entered the country as a stowaway, he was represented by Clarence Darrow. Later, he went to Russia, and then to Mexico, from which he returned to his native Trieste last February. He is said to take orders from Tito rather than from Togliatti, since Trieste's Communist cell is more closely tied politically to Belgrade than to Rome. Vidali's headquarters are in a big, modern building across the street from the American enlisted men's Red Cross club, near the harbor.

OCCUPATION troops seemed to me to be less in evidence in Trieste than garrisons of similar size are in towns in Germany. Officers and enlisted men had been ordered to keep pretty much to themselves, since they were under constant surveillance by the local press, which commented on their behavior in cartoons and caustic anecdotes. "We have to watch our step closely," a high-ranking American officer told me. "This is the hottest spot on earth, and we must build up a well-trained force that can strike fast if it should ever become necessary. We pulled the platoons back from the border posts so we could train them all the time instead of letting them get soft and lazy up there." A great many members of TRUST, which stands for Trieste United States Troops, and of BETFOR, which stands for British Element Trieste Forces, take some satisfaction in being stationed in "the hottest spot on earth."

The British and American commanders have taken over the two best castles in the Territory. The British reside in Duino Castle, and Major General Bryant E. Moore, the commander of TRUST, and his staff live and work in Miramare Castle, which was built in 1857 for Emperor Francis Joseph's brother, the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, who was executed in 1867 in



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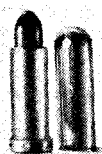
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Mexico. Thereafter, Miramare Castle was occupied, in succession, by Crown Prince Rudolf of Hapsburg, who died at Mayerling; Archduke Ferdinand, who was assassinated in Sarajevo; the Duke of Aosta, who was killed in North Africa; and Brigadier R. W. M. de Winton, of the British Army, who was shot a year ago in Pola. The superstitious *Triestini* say that the castle is like a jealous woman, for it kills off every inhabitant after he leaves it. The prestige of the United States Army in Trieste has been considerably enhanced by General Moore's decision to live there in spite of the curse.

On the other hand, American prestige has not been at all enhanced by some of the civilians whom the Americans employ. There are parasites from Leghorn, who came here after the Army moved out of Italy; hangers-on from Udine and Gorizia, who carry letters of recommendation signed by anybody, from Field Marshal Montgomery down to unknown mess sergeants; divorce lawyers from Naples; and confidence men and gamblers from all over Italy, who hope that Trieste is going to become a sort of Balkan Reno. For all of them, the American garrison in Trieste is the last water hole in Europe where American rations and cigarettes are to be had in abundance. "Trieste's one hell of a place," a Fifth Army veteran told me. "A lot of crooks on one side and a lot of Jugs on the other." "Jugs" has replaced "Krauts," "Huns," and "Nips" in the American soldiers' vocabulary. The bitter tone with which they use the word is indicative of their attitude toward their fellow-shareholders in the Free Territory. Up to now, the most critical moment in the relations between the American and Yugoslav troops was last September, when the British and American forces, in accordance with the terms of the Italian peace treaty, gave up a strip of territory approximately five miles deep and sixty miles wide. American newspapers subsequently printed inflammatory stories about the imminence of a dustup and carried photographs showing American and Yugoslav soldiers glaring at each other across barbed-wire barricades, but actually the withdrawal took place without serious incident. It was followed, however, by extended haggling between the local Western Allied and Yugoslav commanders over the exact location of the new border. "I'd always thought I was a pretty good man at arguing a case," I was told by an American officer who had been a lawyer in New York and who had taken part in the negotia-

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tions. "But this Jug kept wrangling with me two days and one night without giving me an hour of rest. First, he wanted two hundred metres more, then a hundred and fifty metres, then a hundred, then fifty, forty, thirty—all the way down the line. Well, I was a sucker and I was tired. I finally let him have half a metre of Trieste."

BEFORE the British, American, and French authorities proposed that Trieste be reunited to Italy, a number of prominent Europeans—among them the Swiss General Henri Guisan and the Belgian Senator Auguste Buissere—had been suggested for the job of permanent governor, but nobody in the city expected that such an official would ever take office. One day, when a woman in the suburbs gave birth to a thirteen-pound girl, word spread through the *osterias* (bars) of the harbor that the grandmother of the future governor had just been born. "Suppose the Security Council of the United Nations nominated a man," one Allied Military Government officer said to me, "and suppose he were courageous enough to come here in spite of various threats of assassination. What is he going to do about the Free Territory's two economic systems, two standards of living, two social structures? He'll have to be damn smart to deal with that mess. In fact, if he's really smart, he won't come here at all." Now, if the Western powers' plan is successful, no courageous man will have to go through the anguish of making the decision.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

LINES FOR THE SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

The calla lilies in their bright vases
are gone, and in their places
are the familiar ferns
in the old green urns.
The sadness returns
to the minister's eyes.
The congregation, he observes,
counting the curves
and curlicues
of unpeopled pews,
is its regular size.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

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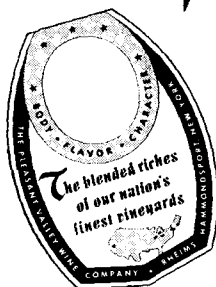
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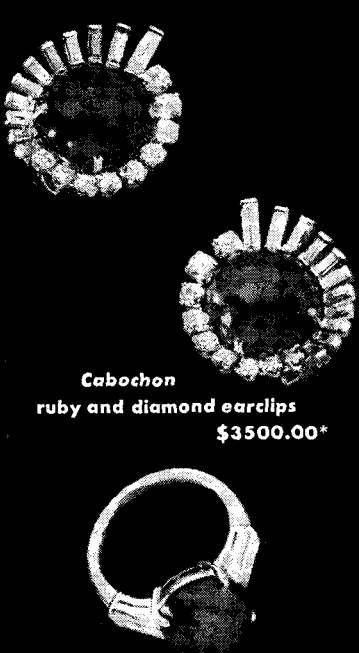


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THE ART GALLERIES

A Kuniyoshi Retrospective

THE Whitney Museum, which until now has tackled living artists only en masse, has embarked on a new policy—no doubt mixed up somehow with the big reshuffling of functions that has been going on between it and the Museum of Modern Art and the Metropolitan—of interlarding its contemporary annuals with occasional one-man surveys, and for the subject of its first one, a retrospective, it has chosen Yasuo Kuniyoshi. On the whole, it was an excellent selection, for Kuniyoshi is certainly one of the foremost painters in America.

Though his long association with what is often called the Whitney Group, ever since the days of the old Whitney Studio Club, gives the affair a slightly intramural flavor, it is likely that that flavor will be less noticeable as the series progresses.

This first show is a lively and absorbing one, and the eighty-five paintings and forty-odd black-and-whites it contains provide a view of his work that is as honest and thoroughgoing as it is illuminating. The show is, in a sense, the culmination of an unusual career. Kuniyoshi, a living argument against the Kiplingesque doctrine about the East being East, and so on, was born in 1893 in the Japanese city of Okayama, of a family in very moderate circumstances, and, as the catalogue preface points out, he had almost no contact with Western art until he came to this country, in 1906. Even then, he had no idea of becoming a painter. He worked first in a railroad yard and then as a handyman in Seattle, and it wasn't till a couple of years and a good many odd jobs later, when a night-school teacher of English noticed his skill as a draftsman, that he was encouraged to take up art. Yet he has since achieved such true sophistication, both in his painting style and in his outlook, that his work seems completely international in feeling.

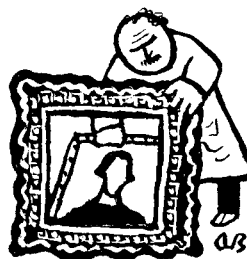
To be sure, there are traces of traditional Japanese formalism in some of his earlier canvases. The first painting in the show, chronologically, is the small “Boy Fishing,” dated 1921, and in this and other pieces—among them “Boy with Cow” and “Village,” both also done in 1921—there is no question but that the form of expression is basically

the houses in “Boy with Cow,” are stylized to the point where they become mere symbols; the perspective is shallow and arbitrary instead of realistic; and the general design unmistakably follows Eastern patterns.

Even in Kuniyoshi's early work, though, other influences were making themselves felt. There has always been a certain impishness, rarely commented upon, in his painting, and I can't help but feel that in, for example, “Boy Stealing Fruit” and “Child,” both of 1923, he was poking subtle fun at the vogue for the Early Amer-

ican genre painting that was then so rampant. His “Self-Portrait as a Golf Player,” with its pseudo-heroic pose and grandiose treatment, is a much broader burlesque of those portraits of Revolutionary generals standing proudly against a background of battle that were then so much sought after. It was also the American primitives that inspired that false naïveté he practiced now and then at that period and that led him to, for instance, the deliberately child-like distortions of “Little Joe with Cow” and the even more stiltedly posed “Young Couple.” His abilities as an artist, however, already transcended the slightly derived subject matter he was working with, and “The Swimmer,” “Self-Portrait” (with camera), and the exceedingly powerful “Upstream” are still remarkably effective and evocative creations.

Not until around 1930 did Kuniyoshi approach artistic maturity. He had been to Europe twice by then, in 1925 and in 1928, and his contacts with the old masters he saw in the museums and the modernists he saw in the galleries no doubt did a good deal to broaden his outlook. From then on, anyway, his style became bolder and his attack more authoritative, and his design took on a kind of Venetian expansiveness that went well with the big, baroque still-lifes (see “Odd Objects on a Couch,” “Weather Vane and Sofa,” and the really superlative “Accordion and Horse”) and the large, romantic figure studies (“Daily News,” “Waiting,” “I'm Tired,” and so on) that were to be his main concerns from then on. I think he may have worked the latter vein too hard. The paintings I have just mentioned are good, particu-



larly "Daily News," with its excellent treatment of flesh tones and draperies, and recently he has been attempting to introduce more interest into the backgrounds, as in "She Walks Among the Ruins" and "Look, It Flies!" But the pictures in this genre are largely mood studies of girls sitting or standing in an attitude of cryptic pensiveness, and despite their extreme skillfulness they fall too often into a stereotyped pattern.

The big still-lives, to my mind, mean much more. Made up of the most wildly incongruous objects ("Weather Vane and Sofa," for one, contains a sofa, a metal cutout of a weather-vane horse, a sheet of music, some crumpled newspaper, some brocaded cloth, an old-fashioned lithograph of a lady, and two gourds), they have a dreamy appeal that approaches that of the gentler sort of Surrealism, while the variety of textures included permits Kuniyoshi to employ all his virtuosity. Lately, too, he has been trying to develop more over-all interest in his canvases, and at the same time to increase their metaphorical suggestion by a more consciously planned manipulation of the objects portrayed. Here, again, he seems to strike a Surrealist note, and because of it "Room 110," of 1944, with its pyramidal jumble of faintly "keepsake" items (an old vase, a photograph, etc.), "Headless Horse Who Wants to Jump" (the horse is from a carrousel), and "Festivities Ended," in which another broken merry-go-round horse appears, have an emotional depth and complexity that the earlier pieces of this type lack. Oddly, in view of his profound anti-militarist and anti-Fascist convictions, Kuniyoshi has done few straight propaganda paintings (the fine "Deliverance" and the poignant "Mother and Daughter" are notable exceptions), and it may be that the Surrealist still-lives are the sort of oblique, rather wistful commentary on such matters that is most compatible with his art.

I can't end this review without mentioning the drawings and lithographs in the show, for Kuniyoshi is at least as great in black-and-white as he is in other media, and though this section seems less well selected than the part given over to paintings (I missed the delightful little skaters he did in the nineteen-twenties), it contains some striking examples. Note, for instance, the fine "Three Pears and Grapes" and "Taxco," as well as the series of remarkable Western sketches—"Deserted Silver Mine," "New Nevada-ville, Colorado," and so on.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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THE RACE TRACK

Among the Vigilant



BECAUSE there is little else for an old horseplayer to do during the spring lull in racing, I spent the other morning with the clockers at Belmont Park. The soundest information I can pass on is that if you're looking for likely horses at Jamaica, take those who raced in Florida or California. Don't turn your nose up at the ones from New Orleans, either. On the other hand, you had better bear in mind that members of the big stables that wintered at Aiken and other Southern training grounds are not as well conditioned now as they're going to be in a fortnight. If you keep an ear open, you're sure to get a good many more or less astute tips on these animals, especially the untried two-year-olds.

Clockers, as you probably know, are those mysterious fellows who get out to the track at dawn to watch and time the workouts. They do rather well for themselves. Some represent racing publications, and the rest are in the employ of betting men who want lists of the horses in action and the times and distances of the gallops. There are about twenty clockers at the Long Island tracks, and more than half of them operate at Belmont, where most of the horses are stabled. One group times the gallops on the main track, and another on the training track. In the course of a morning, they clock as many as fifty horses. They also spend a lot of time holding elaborate post-mortems on the previous day's events, during the season, and concocting tips, an activity at which they're better than average.

To most people, one thoroughbred looks much like another. (Of course, that isn't always true. Almost anybody could tell Whirlaway from Stymie; Whirlaway would be the one with the long tail.) Clockers, who naturally are required to do plenty of impromptu identifying, make a point of noting one distinctive, though often quite subtle, characteristic in every horse—some mannerism while galloping, a peculiarity of conformation, or the exact shade of his coat. Chestnut may be anything from golden yellow to reddish brown, and there are many varieties of bay, brown, and gray. Horses have an amazing diversity of markings, too. Most of



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them have patches of white on the face, legs, or body, and no two patches are shaped or placed alike. Once a clocker commits this Bertillon record to memory, he seldom forgets it. He may be stuck for a name once in a while and say, as a venerable clocker, known as the Florida Owl, did the other morning, "There's that two-year-old with the blond hips. Have to look him up in the book again." Every clocker compiles a big volume in which the name, pedigree, markings, and traits of every racer he ever saw are set down and cross-indexed. The ability of most clockers to identify an animal that has been away from the races for years is uncanny.

TIMING a colt accurately with a split-second stopwatch as he passes the poles that mark off the distances of a track isn't much of a trick after you've got the hang of it. In fact, some clockers can work with a watch in each hand, timing two animals at once. As you might expect, trainers often like to keep the results of their speed trials to themselves, particularly if they think they have something special that they can win a bet with. They don't always succeed, however. During the Aqueduct meeting last summer, a trainer worked one of his better two-year-olds in the afternoon at Belmont. Apparently, there wasn't a soul in the stand or even on the grounds; all the clockers were undoubtedly at the races; and the owner of the good thing drove back to town gloating over what seemed to be an exceptional performance. He stopped off at his club, and the first man he met in the bar greeted him with "I hear that colt of yours burned up the track at Belmont this afternoon." During the war, three of the Belmont clockers were engaged by the Ordnance Department for a secret job (it was understood to have something to do with timing projectiles in flight) at the Aberdeen Proving Ground. When the news of their employment drifted back to the tracks, one of their friends remarked, "The Army won't get any the best of that deal. Those boys are going to hold out all the fast ones for themselves."

—AUDAN MINOR

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AUSTRALIAN IN THE HENHOUSE

LORRAINE, who is a distant cousin of my husband, has been staying with us in Dorset since last fall. Until she got here, I hadn't realized how much emphasis she placed on being Australian. Perhaps she didn't feel that way so much before the war, when I had last seen her; perhaps all her months in the A.W.A.S., the Australian Women's Army Service, which she tells me is the same thing as the W.A.C. in America, put the colonial iron into her soul. Watching the uniformed forces from America, Holland, and England disport themselves in Brisbane was evidently enough to embitter the sweetest-tempered girl, and though Lorraine still has a sweet temper, there is no doubt she is touchy on certain points. I never know when I am likely to stumble over her feelings. She says the Aussies were wildly fond of the Americans, who arrived just when people were terribly jittery because aid was not coming from England, but when I begin to swell with pride and say something like "Yes, it must have been wonderful," she reminds me tartly how much more of the brunt England bore in Europe than the United States did. She goes into a rage if she is called English; she also goes into a rage if anybody says Princess Elizabeth's living allowance ought to be cut. She says Australia is terribly provincial, and then she complains that the farms in England are too small; life here is cramped, she says, and goes on to explain that in Australia their nearest neighbor is thirty miles off and they have room to breathe. Captious is the word for Lorraine, but I never realized how tortuous her mind really was until she decided to take over our chickens.

As the great men oft remind us, life in England is still dislocated, and sometimes I think we are the most dislocated household in the Kingdom. We live in the country and feel we should be using that fact to advantage; right-minded people in the country in England do something about living off their land. My husband and I know we ought to do it, too, but find it awfully difficult to get started. Anything on the place that was a going proposition before the war, such as the kitchen garden and the orchard, is still producing; in this respect we have nothing to reproach ourselves with. But, as the neighbors keep

telling us, it's ridiculous not to keep a cow, or even two cows, considering that we have a child and that the milk ration is inadequate. Cows cost so much, I protest. Yes, say the neighbors, wavering; yes, that's true. And feed for cows is a problem, isn't it, I ask them; don't you have to fill in a lot of forms and apply for permits? Yes, they say, sighing, you do indeed. And tuberculin tests for the cows are another very involved matter. On the whole, say the neighbors, if one hasn't already become inured to the difficulties of keeping cows, now is perhaps not the time to start.

So much for cows. On the subject of pigs, my husband and I cannot agree. You can evidently raise a pig without bothering about food permits; you merely have to get a license to keep the pig, and when it is ready for slaughter, the government arranges for that. You must not, of course, kill it on your own, but if you are good and fill in the proper forms, you're allowed to keep half the meat when the pig has been legally executed.

"Who is going to carry the food down to the pig every day?" my husband asked when I brought up the pig question while we were all at breakfast one morning. "You needn't think I will, because I won't. And don't say *you* will, because you know how you are. You'll do it once or twice and then forget all about it."

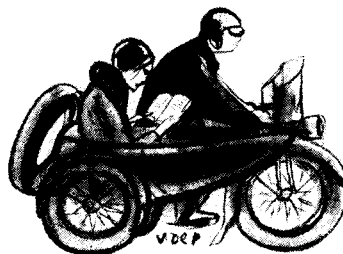
"Yes," I said sadly, "one can never depend on me, can one? Clifton could do it" (Clifton is the gardener, who has worked most of his lifetime for my husband or his parents) "and, really, he ought to, but it's hard to suggest new ideas to him. Now, if Lorraine—"

"I'd love to have a pig," said Lorraine eagerly. "I'd really rather have a lamb, but I suppose it would get lonely. I'm more used to sheep. Still, a pig—"

"No, we're going to need all our table scraps for the chickens," said my husband. Lorraine and I looked at him in surprise, echoing "Chickens?"

"Chickens," he said firmly. He had spoken of chickens several times before, but the familiar defeatist philosophy had been applied to the idea and he had always argued himself out of it again, just as he had out of keeping geese and ducks and turkeys.

"I thought you said chickens never used to work," I said. "I thought the



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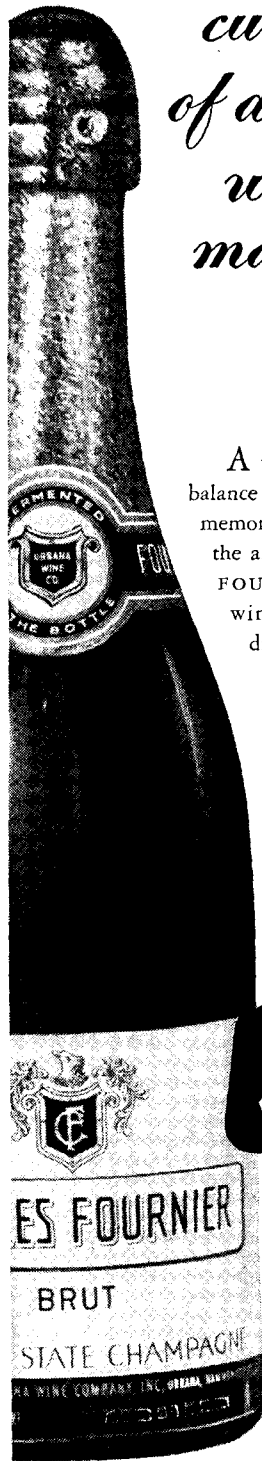
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foxes always carried off the fowls when you were a little boy."

"Clifton used to say it was foxes," he replied. "It used to make the family angry. Time after time, we'd get chickens, and, one by one, they'd disappear, and Clifton said it was a fox or a stoat. His own chickens always did very well, though. In the end, we gave in and bought our eggs from him."

"Well, wouldn't that happen again?" I asked.

My husband didn't think so and implied that times are now different, and that the foxes, or perhaps the Cliftons, recognize this fact and are sobered by it, and will behave accordingly.

"I'll see about getting some chickens, then," I said.

"And I'll take care of them," said Lorraine. "I used to take care of the fowls at home. Do let me. I'd really love it."

My husband and I promised her with alacrity that she should have complete charge of the fowls, and I went out and bought ten young pullets; there were no hens to be had. I had been told that it was the worst time of year for buying pullets; at their age—the equivalent, I believe, of twelve years old in a human female—they couldn't be expected to produce. Yet they cost about five dollars apiece. "Crossbreds, too," I said bitterly. Still, I was proud of having picked up that term from the farmer who sold them to me, and I was glad of the chance to air my new knowledge.

After the pullets were delivered, Carola, my daughter, came down to the henyard with us to watch them as they picked their way about, exploring. "They're not very cute," she said in disparaging tones. "They're too big and skinny. Which is the boy chicken?"

"We haven't got one," I said.

"No? We'll have to see about that," said Lorraine. "When do you suppose would be the right time?"

"As soon as possible," said my husband.

I was really shocked by their ignorance. "You don't need a cock, Charles," I said. "Didn't you know that?"

"Of course you do," he said. "Don't be ridiculous. How else do you expect to get eggs?"

"Why, of course," said Lorraine. "You've got to have a cock."

"Well, really, for a couple of country-bred—" I broke off, and called Clifton to come and support me.

"Yes, sir, I'm afraid the lady's right, Clifton," he said. "You wouldn't

want a cock for less than fifteen birds, in any case. For table eggs, it's better not to have the male bird at all. The eggs keep better. Good night, sir."

There was a long silence after he left, which Lorraine was the first to break. "You can say what you like, it wouldn't do in Australia. But I'd believe anything of English chickens," she said bitterly.

THE business of getting chicken feed in Britain is rather complicated. As bread is rationed, you are not inclined to feed it to chickens in any quantity, and, indeed, you are forbidden to do so. Oatmeal, too, is forbidden food for fowls; sometimes it is rationed and sometimes not, but in any case livestock must not have it. Every ration book carries with it a weekly egg allowance. You can buy as many as three eggs a week if you can find eggs at the grocer's, which you usually can't. If you prefer to raise your own chickens, you are allowed to buy a certain amount of chicken feed instead of the eggs. You cannot buy both. Chicken raisers therefore depend heavily on their garbage pails, or, as they are called here, their pig buckets.

Until I watched Lorraine mixing up the chickens' lunch, I had no idea what an absorbing and delicate operation it was. You gave them dry meal in the morning, she explained, and they got their exercise picking it up, and at noon you fed them potato peelings and a hot mash. Lorraine put everything she could lay her hands on into these mashers, and stirred them with passion while they cooked. She was particularly delighted to get hold of fish remnants and fishbones. The cook, who lives in our lodge and keeps chickens herself, sometimes shook her head over these mashers and made suggestions that Lorraine rejected scornfully.

"Mrs. Alford actually says I ought to cook the potato peelings," she told me scornfully. "The very idea! Why, at home, our chickens adore raw potato. They fight over it. It provides their vitamins."

"Very likely, but our pullets don't seem to eat them," I said. "Mrs. Alford may have something there. You go down and look at the yard."

"I do go down," said Lorraine. "I admit there are rather a lot of peelings lying about, but I think it's because I've been overfeeding."

In a few days, though, when it was obvious that the pullets continued to scorn peelings, Lorraine was very angry. "I don't know what's the matter with

them," she stormed. "These English chickens! Rotten spoiled, that's what they are. I'll have to cook everything, I suppose."

Even cooked, though, the potato peelings were left untouched. Lorraine said that English poultry was decadent, imperialistic, and snobbish.

"Never mind," I told her, "they look fine anyway. Clifton says he never saw such fine-looking birds. I think that's very big of him, considering his own fowls don't do half so well."

My husband took to stopping by whenever he passed the henyard, to lean on the gate and watch the pullets proudly. "They look well, don't they?" he said one December morning when I met him there. "I must say Lorraine does a good job. January is when they're scheduled to lay, isn't it?"

"Yes, about the middle of January," I said. "They look almost ready now, though."

As I went into the house, the thought occurred to me that Lorraine was taking her work almost too seriously, for she came out of the scullery triumphantly brandishing an old, old breakfast herring. "I was just in time," she said, talking quickly. Her cheeks were red with excitement. "I got this out of the pig bucket just in time. Clifton was coming in to empty the bucket. I saw his eye on this herring and I grabbed it. Of course, he didn't like to say anything. It's *our* pig bucket."

I eyed her with misgiving. "Listen, Lorraine," I said. "I'm sure there's enough in that pig bucket for our chickens and Clifton's, too. Don't you think we ought to give him a chance sometimes? After all, before we bought those birds, he had the pick of the bucket. It's a bit hard on him."

"But why should he have it all his own way? He's got the scraps from his own house, hasn't he?"

"Well, not nearly so many. Live and let live, Lorraine. Live and let live."

She did not reply. From the way she walked off, I knew she was offended. She still clutched the herring, though.

IT was a long, eggless spell for us, but we kept telling each other it was worth it, though Carola sometimes protested she was sick of fish for breakfast. At last, one dull, rainy day late in December, just as we had assembled in the dining room for lunch, Lorraine rushed in speechless with pride. She waved her hand in the air. In it was a beautiful small brown egg. A cheer went up.

"The very first!" cried Lorraine.

"Let's see it," said my husband.

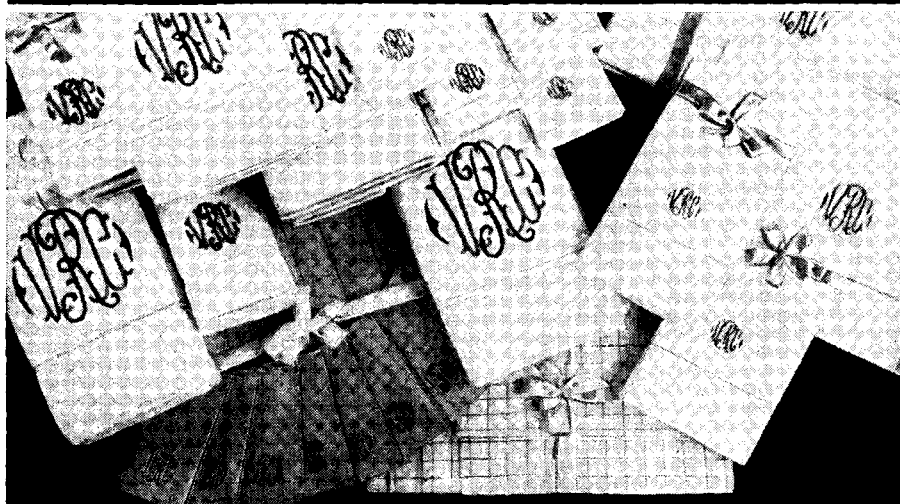


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fondled it lovingly. "Nice color, too," he said. "I love brown eggs."

"It's a beautiful shape," I said.

"Let me see it," said Carola.

"A lovely hard shell, too," said Lorraine. "We have so much trouble with shells at home. No lime in the soil."

"It's a wonderful egg," I said. "Wonderful Lorraine, doing an egg like that!"

"Lorraine the expert," said my husband. "You're quite a girl, Lorraine. I must say anybody would be proud of an egg like that."

"Mummy," asked Carola, "did Lorraine really lay that egg?"

WE took to having long, murmuring conversations in the corner of the kitchen when it was time to cook the mash, for we didn't want to hurt Mrs. Alford's feelings.

"Mrs. Alford and her theories!" said Lorraine with gentle scorn on one of these occasions. "Do you know she only gets one or two eggs a day? Only one or two, in spite of all those hens she's got. Why, we're averaging four. I don't want to rub it in, though."

"No, that wouldn't be kind," I said.

Lorraine frowned thoughtfully. "I'm not satisfied," she said. "By this time, we ought to be getting more than four. In Australia, we'd be doing better, I assure you."

I cleared my throat. "Do you think you might perhaps be going down to the henhouse a bit too much?" I suggested timidly. "I mean I'm sure I read somewhere that hens hate being interrupted when they're doing their work."

"Well, perhaps I ought to cut it down," said Lorraine. "Only it's such fun finding more eggs in the boxes. It's true, though, sometimes one of the birds is just settling in on the straw, and when I open the door, she gets up and goes out."

"Of course, it isn't only you," I said. "Charles goes down and looks now and then, and I can't resist peeking in when I'm coming by, and sometimes I wonder about Carola. Maybe we ought to have a set time for visiting them."

We thought it over. "They're just a bundle of nerves here in England, those birds," Lorraine said. "Nothing used to put them off in Australia. I give you my word, I've seen them queuing up there, waiting for their turn at the nest."

"Now, really, Lorraine," I said.

pioneer stock, I suppose it is, which makes all the difference." She became thoughtful again. "That girl at the post office says she feeds her pullets twice a day with hot mash," she said. "Do you know I've noticed that ours don't go for that dry meal in the morning very much? I wonder..."

"Well, in London the other day I met a woman from Lisbon whose sister keeps chickens," I said, "and she says the whole thing is that they've got to have warm water to drink. They hate cold water. She says her sister's hens eat potato peelings, but she mashes them up first, and she gives them hot food twice a day."

"It may be a different thing in Portugal."

"That's true," I said. "I wouldn't give it a second thought if I were you, Lorraine."

We thought in silence for a little. Then Lorraine spoke decisively. "I'm going to try a hot meal on them early in the morning," she said. "If I were a hen, I'd like a hot meal in the morning. I've asked myself the question and I've thought it over carefully. I'm sure if I had a hot breakfast, I'd feel more like laying my egg then and there and getting it over with. May I borrow your alarm clock?"

She is certainly an intense girl, I reflected. Touchy, but what powers of concentration!

THAT morning meal worked wonders. The pullets suddenly began producing with a beautiful regularity and precision. Six, eight, and, at last, nine eggs a day were checked up on the chart. It was like a lovely dream. My husband began going into the larder to count over the eggs. Once he said, "The very first thing we've produced for ourselves, the very first."

"We had apples and carrots and cabbage," I reminded him.

"Well, the first animal product, then. We certainly owe a lot to Lorraine."

But that same day, Lorraine came in to lunch looking like a thundercloud. "You'll have to speak to Mrs. Alford, I'm afraid," she said to me.

"Oh, dear. What's she been doing?"

"Using eggs!" said Lorraine. "I saw her with my own eyes. She used three in the pudding today."

My husband looked up in surprise, and I said, "But it makes the pudding taste much better, doesn't it?"

"That's not the point. She could perfectly well use egg powder, and she knows it."

"Well..." I felt myself rather at

a loss. "The thing is, egg powder is awful stuff to cook with. We all hate it. That's one of the reasons we got the chickens. Don't you see?"

Lorraine sat down at the table and began to eat, scowling. She said no more about eggs, but it was an uncomfortable meal.

Next morning, she complained to me again. "Somebody's been using those eggs for cooking. We had two dozen last night—I counted. Now there are two missing."

"I'm afraid Carola ate one for breakfast," I said apologetically. "Charles may have had the other. They were up early today." Then I seemed to hear what I was saying, and I grew a little angry. "Now, listen, Lorraine," I said. "Please don't think I don't understand the way you feel, but—well, I mean to say, after all. I'm perfectly willing to be reasonable. We'll put some of them down in water glass, of course. But—"

"Water-glass eggs are horrible," said Lorraine. Her eyes were wet.

"Well, for Pete's sake, what *are* we to do with your blasted eggs?" I demanded.

Struggling with her emotion, Lorraine looked at me and did not answer.

"I do understand," I said weakly, "but, really, you make it very difficult."

She sighed sharply. "I know, I know, but I can't help it," she said. "It's just that I always put so much of myself into a thing. It seems such a waste, cooking with them. To tell you the truth, I don't even like seeing them eaten for breakfast. Look here, do you mind awfully if I hand the care of the chickens over to Clifton? He knows the routine."

"It might be better," I said.

Lorraine bit her lip. She sighed, and then she brightened a little. "I've been reading about pigs," she said. "It's really a very simple thing, keeping a pig. All you need . . ."—EMILY HAHN

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

The success story changed: "... Hibbs [Saturday Evening Post editor] says, 'we'd rather talk about the second mate on a freighter boat than the captain of the America.'—From an article in Time about the Saturday Evening Post, May 26, 1947.

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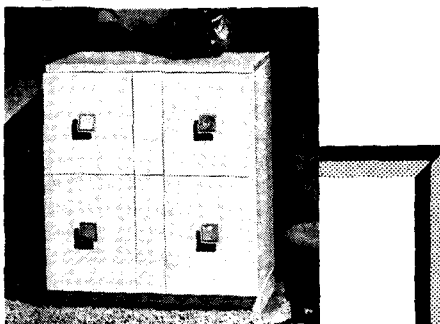
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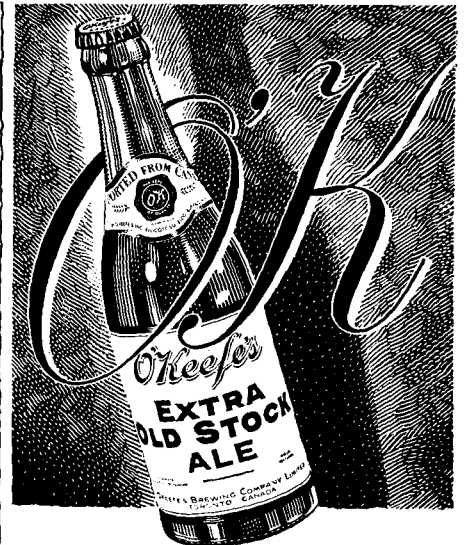
A New Mélisande



THE New York City Opera Company, which in the last couple of seasons has handled such difficult assignments as "Don Giovanni," "Salome," and "Ariadne auf Naxos," last week put on its

première of Debussy's "Pelléas and Mélisande," at the City Center. The most interesting feature of the production was, as you undoubtedly know, the appearance of Maggie Teyte as Mélisande, a role that she had never before undertaken on the New York operatic stage. Miss Teyte, of course, sang some of Mélisande's music in a concert with the Philharmonic-Symphony at Carnegie Hall last year, and she ran through several scenes from the opera, delivering not only Mélisande's lines but those of every other character except Golaud and the Physician, at her Town Hall recital a few months ago. These concerts provided ample indication that Miss Teyte would, when she came to it, make an understanding and accomplished Mélisande, and her City Center performance, which combined expert singing with crisp, simple acting, was as fine as had been expected. Another important element in the production was the impressive and dramatic job turned in by Carlton Gault, as Golaud. Pelléas was played by a young baritone from Quebec, Fernand Martel, who took on this curiously taxing role at short notice (without even having had a full orchestral rehearsal, it was reported) when Theodore Uppman, the singer previously announced for the part, fell sick. Mr. Martel was not altogether at ease during the early moments of the opera, but this was not a great drawback, since Pelléas himself is, at that point, far from the embodiment of tranquillity. As he went along, Mr. Martel acquired assurance, and his City Center début was, all told, a considerable achievement. Mary Krete, as Geneviève; Virginia Haskins, as Yniold; Norman Scott, as Arkël; and Arthur Newman, as the Physician, completed an admirable cast.

Jean Morel's direction was remarkable on many counts; he brought out the poetic possibilities of the music bril-



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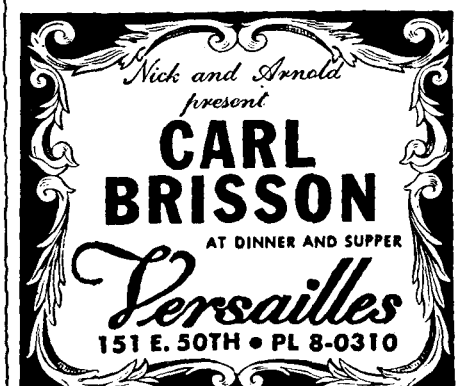
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tire score skillfully. The staging, by Theodore Komisarjevsky, was executed well enough, but the performers had to contend with some cramping scenery, consisting of a variety of platforms and other permanent structures that occupied a good portion of the stage. The set (there was only one) did not create much of an illusion of reality, and the lighting, on opening night, at least, hardly helped. Perhaps these shortcomings will be eliminated as the season goes on.

TENORS were very much in evidence about the city last week, with Jussi Bjoerling and Ferruccio Tagliavini giving their first Carnegie Hall recitals. Mr. Bjoerling's program was composed mostly of non-operatic songs, which he delivered with finesse, sincerity, and fire, if not with variety of style. Mr. Tagliavini's offerings, on the other hand, included a good bit of opera music. He sang with his customary polish and appeal but overdid some of the more orotund passages. The week before, Set Svanholm had his first local recital, singing a straight concert program in Town Hall with musicianship and sensitivity. The Metropolitan's most recent tenor recruit, Giuseppe Di Stefano, demonstrated his unusual vocal gifts, as Des Grieux, in the company's post-season "Manon" last week. Some of the rather specialized interpretation required by the role appeared to be not quite his line of work, but for the most part his performance was uncommonly fluent.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT RECORDS

Broadway Opera

COMPLETE recordings of "The Medium" and "The Telephone" (Columbia albums 726A and 726B), Gian-Carlo Menotti's two short operas, have been made by the casts and the theatre orchestra that presented them last year on Broadway. "The Medium" is the major ingredient of this double bill; "The Telephone" serves as a curtain-raiser. On the stage, they comprised an unusually well-balanced and attractive program, enhanced, as you may remember, by the physical excellence of the production. In the recorded version, too, I think they are remarkably entertaining, chiefly, it seems to me, because both have a concentrated and theatrically effective plot. "The Telephone," which is little more than an old-fashioned skit set to music, has two characters—a young man and a young



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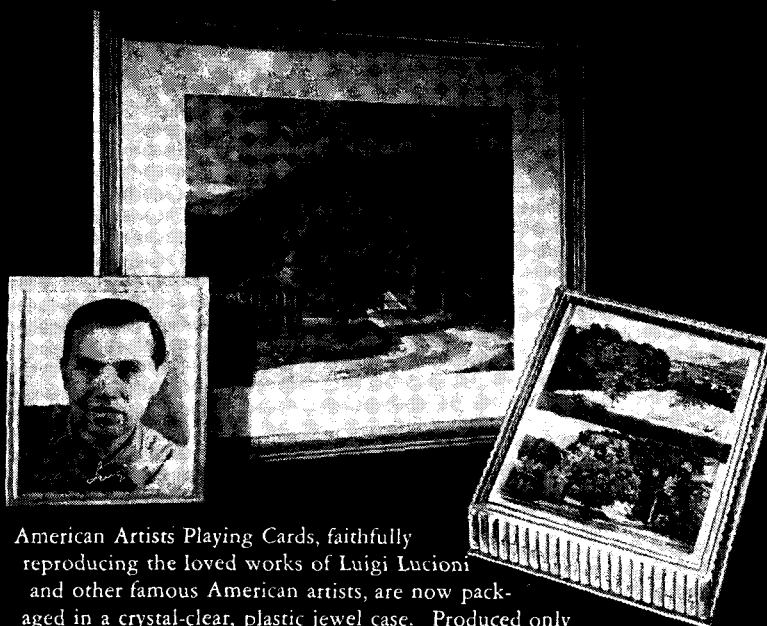
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she is so busy on the phone that he finally leaves and calls her up himself, whereupon he is accepted. The music is sprightly, and the comedy—with the minor exception of some heavy-handed and, I'm afraid, fairly typical operatic burlesque in which the boy threatens the telephone and the girl rushes to its protection—is nicely developed. Marilyn Cotlow, a soprano, is as charming on records as she was on the stage, and Frank Rogier, a baritone, is satisfactory.

"The Medium" is a compact tragic melodrama in two acts. Both its fascination, which is considerable, and its limitations, which are undeniable, derive from its essentially grotesque quality. It introduces us to a bizarre household, "in a flat on the outskirts of a great city," consisting of a middle-aged and dishonest medium, her young daughter, and her mute apprentice. (There must be *somebody* who doesn't know the plot.) In the midst of some chicanery at the expense of a few unhappy customers, the hard-bitten charlatan feels a hand at her throat. Terrified, she tries, unsuccessfully, to wring a nod of confession from the mute and eventually drives him from the house. He slips back to see her daughter, whom he adores, and, in a highly charged scene, is shot to death by the now delirious medium, as the daughter flees. The music is extremely evocative and, on the whole, melodious, and the libretto is a good one. The only things that detract from my enjoyment of "The Medium" are that the story is too uncanny and that the wretched visitors alone have normal feelings and can command much sympathy. The medium's establishment exists somewhere in space, suspended outside ordinary human relationships, and its members, therefore, are more frightening than affecting. "The Medium" is, nevertheless, a superb job on its own peculiar plane. Marie Powers is wonderful in the contralto title role, and Evelyn Keller, a soprano, is fine as the daughter. There are several engaging set pieces, including a duet, "Song of the Black Swan," by the mother and the daughter, and an imaginative solo in which the daughter voices what she supposes to be the amorous thoughts of the mute. A piano figures dramatically in the accompaniment, which is furnished by Emanuel Balaban. Incidentally, the albums furnish the full texts of the operas.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN'S "Peter Grimes" which was introduced

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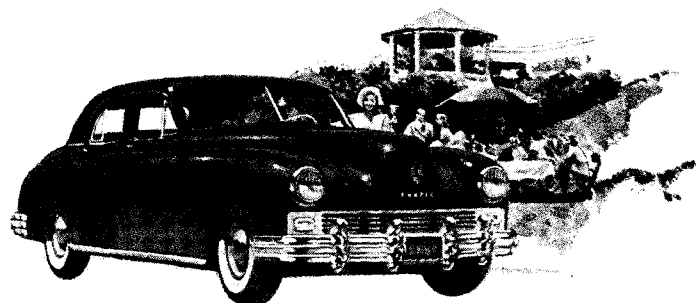
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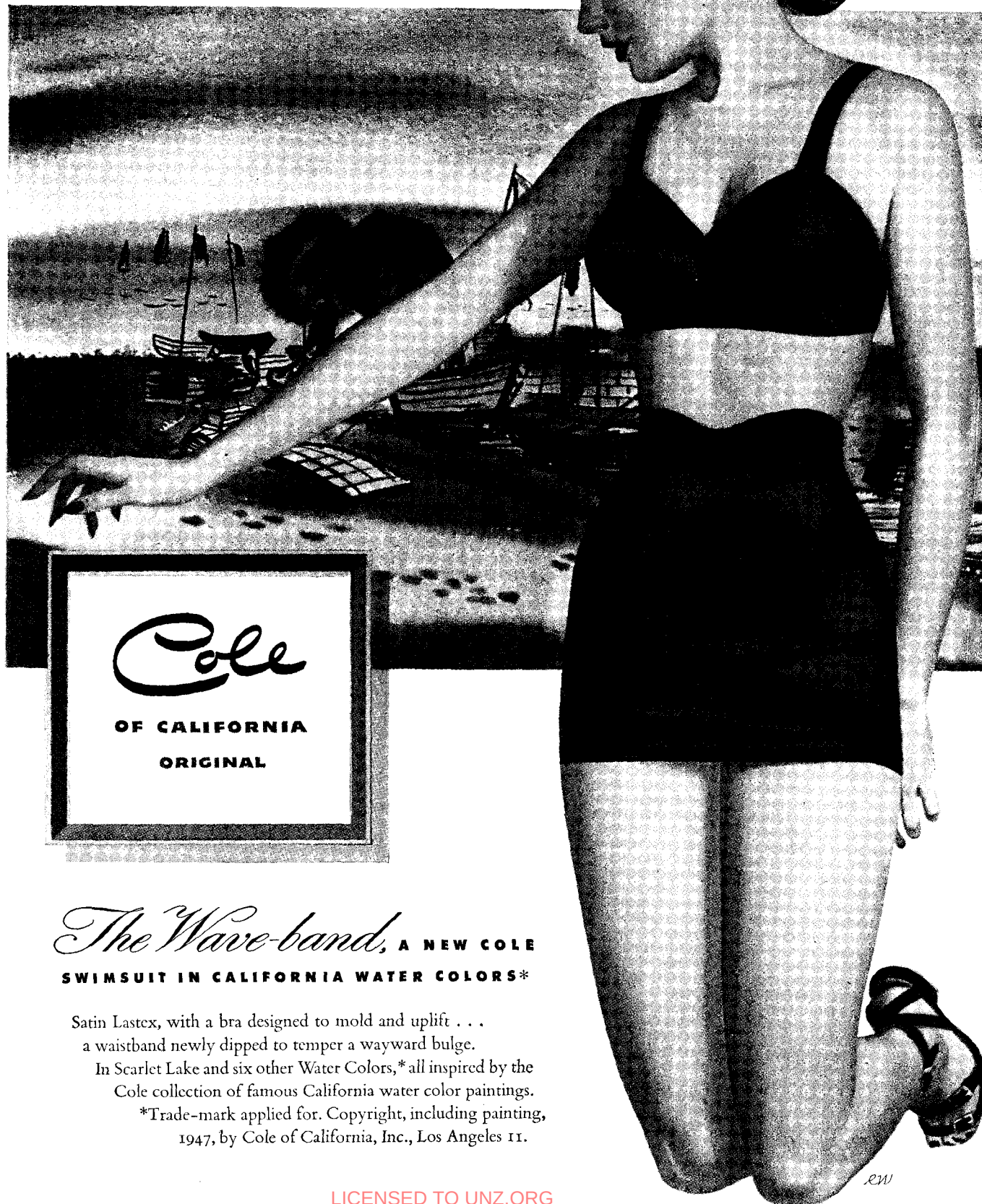


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Opera, is another extraordinary phenomenon, a modern grand opera that has been presented successfully in several countries. The first excerpts from it to be recorded—four orchestral interludes and a passacaglia—are to be found in a new English Decca album (No. 50), played by the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, under the direction of Eduard van Beinum. The exciting and distinctive thing about "Peter Grimes" is, I think, its musical emphasis on the sea as the central character in the drama. The score is rich in aquatic imagery; the aimless, circling gulls cry throughout it, and the rhythms reflect the changing pulse of the water and the soft rush of waves up the shore. This insistence on the sea gives the listener an immediate sense of the timelessness and loneliness of the setting, a seacoast village. Nowhere in the opera, except in a passionate solo by Grimes, is the feeling of the sea better expressed than in the recorded interludes, identified as "Dawn," "Sunday Morning," "Moonlight," and "Storm." The Concertgebouw Orchestra plays them exquisitely, and the recording is an exceptional one.

FERRUCCIO TAGLIAVINI, one of the Metropolitan's best drawing cards, exercises his light but agreeable tenor in a couple of new albums. In one (Victor set VO-13), he sings four arias eminently suited to his style: "Parmi Veder le Lagrime," from "Rigoletto;" "Una Furtiva Lagrime," from "L'Elisir d'Amore;" "O Paradiso!," from "L'Africana;" and a lament from the opera "L'Arlésiana," by Cileà. In the other (Cetra album 105), Tagliavini and his wife, Pia Tassinari, a fairly good soprano, who sang with her husband at the Met last season, take on the "Duetto delle Ciliegie," from Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz." Both the Tagliavinis have developed the experienced salesmanship that most Italian opera demands, and this recording would be wholly admirable if the music were a little less obvious and senti-



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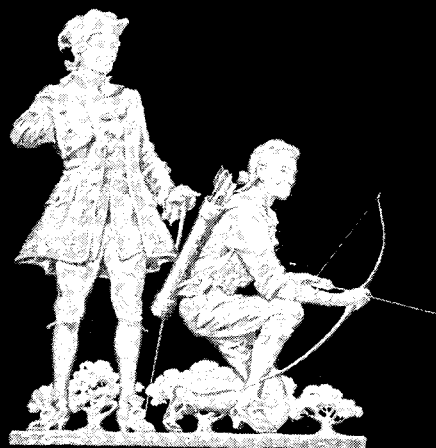
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mental, or, perhaps, merely briefer. Much the same banality colors the Cilea excerpt, in the Victor album. The three remaining arias in it are, of course, standards, and Tagliavini gives them the complete treatment—a crooning, choirboy purity of tone, often relieved by a manly and soulful outburst. Both sets have orchestral accompaniment.

FREDERICK DELIUS expressed the wish, before he died, that Sir Thomas Beecham record all of his best music, and the Delius Society, in coöperation with Victor, is now issuing a new series of Delius recordings, by Sir Thomas and the Royal Philharmonic. The first set (No. 1185) contains the Piano Concerto, "Marche Caprice," and "A Song of the High Hills." Betty Beecham, the conductor's wife, is the soloist in the concerto, and the Luton Choir is heard in the wordless singing of "A Song of the High Hills." I liked the concerto most, although, like so much of Delius's music, it seems overextended, and its emotional surges and moments of beauty are vitiated by formlessness. The short march struck me as trite, and "A Song of the High Hills" as a specimen of romantic indulgence. It would all, I imagine, make excellent background music for the movie version of a best-seller by an English lady novelist. The performances are fine.

IF you enjoy Ravel's "Piano Concerto for the Left Hand" (I do, mildly), you will undoubtedly like a sensitive new recording of it by Robert Casadesu and the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting (Columbia album 288). —D. W.

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BOOKS

Mysteries of Paris



"THE TRANSCIENT HOUR," by the French novelist Marcel Aymé (A. A. Wyn), is a story of Paris in the third year of the German Occupation and a sombre and frightening picture of a disintegrating civilization. M. Aymé is remarkable among contemporary writers dealing with the European scene for his apparent lack of powerful political passion and for his ability to view all his characters, French and German, patriots and collaborators, with a detached and ironical compassion. His characters are outlined in deft and economical strokes, sometimes in a single phrase or action. He has also an ingenious trick of dealing with minor and merely incidental characters in footnotes that relate their subsequent histories. By this device, he is able to emphasize both the eschatological atmosphere of the Occupation and the paradoxical persistence of habit and routine and the play of purely personal emotions amid the collective catastrophe. Many of the histories in these addenda are more dramatic than the novel itself, which is, in fact, somewhat amorphous and inconclusive. For example, two of M. Aymé's characters, looking out a window, are amused by the sight of a small boy leaning from another window and attempting to spit onto the umbrella of a concierge. The boy is discovered by his father and is cuffed for his impudence. The witnesses laugh, then forget the incident, which has no relevance to the story, but a footnote informs us that the boy stops a German officer in the street and hands him a note giving detailed information on the father's Communist associations and activities. The officer, an Austrian, instead of forwarding the note to the Gestapo, destroys it. Unaware of this, the boy suffers agonies of

remorse and anxiety. For further example, the Germans arrest by mistake another incidental character, an ardent Pétainist. He is tortured and eventually beaten to death. The destinies of others are determined by similar caprices of chance. Thus M. Aymé gradually accustoms us to a universe from which all rationality and order have been excluded.

And yet the life of his central character, Pierre Michaud, is not greatly affected by the historic convulsion. Michaud is aware of the calamity and distressed by it, but it has less urgency for him than the problems of his office and his household. At the moment he gravely decides that humanity is doomed and everything has therefore lost its importance, he is outraged by the discovery that someone has been using his razor to sharpen pencils. Michaud, I think, is meant to represent that Cartesian anachronism, the bourgeois idealist who is disconcerted at finding that reality no longer conforms to the neatly ordered categories of the mind and that his concepts of justice are sometimes betrayed by his own actions, as when Michaud absent-mindedly devours his own and his daughter's share of the daily bread ration. He is a middle-aged realty agent, honest and impractical, because he understands the difficulties of the tenants from whom he must collect arrears in

rent as well as he does the rights of the landlords whose interests he serves. For instance, one of the tenants, Mme. Lebon, a Jewish refugee from Poland who lives in constant terror of the Gestapo, is grateful for Michaud's sympathy and admires his goodness of heart, but it is from his partner, Etienne Lolivier, a coarser and shrewder man, that she seeks advice about her problem. Lolivier is another who is not much affected by the general tragedy, for his own tragedy has made him almost insensible to it; his wife is a shrew, his daughter a slut, his son a degenerate and murderer. Lolivier himself is an indefatigable money chaser, not because he desires riches but because preoccupation with the chase is his only escape from his awareness of his domestic miseries.

Michaud, too, has domestic difficulties, but of a less harrowing kind. His wife is ill. His elder son, Frédéric, is distributing leaflets for the Communists. His younger son, Antoine, has become involved in some of the smaller operations of the black market, and with the income gained thereby he undertakes, though only a schoolboy of seventeen, to support as his mistress Yvette Grandmaison, the faithless wife of a prisoner of war. In order to stay a while with Yvette in her chromium boudoir in Montparnasse, Antoine tells his family that he has been invited for the school



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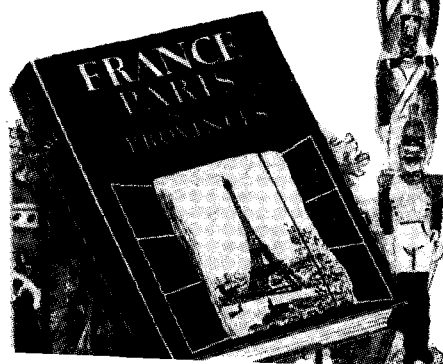
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holidays to the country home of a classmate. He falls wholly under the domination of Yvette, who persuades him not to return to his family when the holidays are over but to let her send someone to tell them that he is in hiding because he is being hunted by the Gestapo. For this cruel mission, Yvette chooses Lieutenant Malinier, an amiable fanatic who has joined the French Fascist legion to fight the Russians. Malinier, who does not relish the fraud, plays his part clumsily and merely strengthens Mme. Michaud's suspicions about the nature of Antoine's holiday. Michaud discovers the truth and succeeds in separating his son from Yvette, but not without damage to his own chastity. Yvette finds another patron, a German officer, and the prodigal Antoine turns over to his father what remains of his black-market profits. With this capital, Michaud and Lolivier enter the market and end by becoming millionaires.

I should not like to give the impression that this is merely another cynical and licentious French novel. M. Aymé is describing, no doubt quite accurately, a world in which all moral norms appear to be dissolving and in which the only compulsions are those of organized physical power. He nowhere intrudes any philosophy of his own, and his solitary comment on his story is contained, characteristically, in one of his footnotes. It concerns a gentle and idealistic professor whose domestic experiences have led him to name the two main opposing currents of modern history Gustavism and Irmaism, after himself and his resolute, empiric, and unintellectual wife. In 1936, the professor believed that Gustavism would eventually prevail in the universe, if not in his household; in 1940, he felt that Irmaism had triumphed everywhere. In August, 1944, he began to have hopes of a great Gustavist revival. But today, says M. Aymé, "the professor is rather downcast."

THE Paris of Mr. John Mayo Goss's novel "This Magnificent World" (Rinehart) is of a slightly earlier period, when Gustavism was in the ascendant, and the city that M. Aymé makes harsh and decadent Mr. Goss makes bright and romantic. The first part of his book, for which Montparnasse provides the major setting, has an optimistic gaiety that falls only a little short of ecstasy. This is partly the effect of his excessively mannered prose, in which idiomatic construction is sacrificed to a morbid dread of clichés and, partly, of his

narrative method, which is a kind of Freudian free association. Characters wander at will from English to French and back again several times in a sentence.

All this is unfortunate, because Mr. Goss's story is one that only an extreme simplicity could make plausible. It tells of the love of Ridsdel Craig, a young Midwestern American of the country-club stratum who is living in Paris, and Denise Roullé, a peasant girl from Brittany who has been a prostitute in the city. Mr. Goss is no great hand at explaining, so the reader has to guess for himself why such a steadfast, decent, and sensible girl as the author wishes Denise to appear got into such a profession. Apparently, it was not brute necessity, for we discover that while she was a café girl, Denise would borrow her room rent from a good-natured barkeeper instead of earning it from a patron whose looks she did not like. After she takes up with "Mon Reed," as she calls Ridsdel Craig, she is faithful and wholly devoted to him, first as mistress and later as wife, a status she has neither requested nor expected. Soon after the marriage, Denise's health begins to decline and a doctor informs Craig that she has tertiary syphilis. This disconcerting diagnosis is confirmed at the American Hospital. During the interminable and nerve-racking treatments that follow, Denise, encouraged by Craig's example, consoles herself with alcohol.

The great depression comes, and Craig, the head of a Parisian publicity bureau, loses his job. He brings Denise to the States to live with his mother on the family estate in Illinois. Denise is snubbed by the Craigs' country-club friends and has difficulties with her well-intentioned but meddlesome mother-in-law. Craig's brother, a physician, persuades his mother to leave the couple to themselves for a while, and she magnanimously retires into a home for the aged. Her departure does not improve matters. Craig and Denise are still in love, but each is obsessed by a sense of responsibility for the other's unhappiness. Both, therefore, take more and more frequently to the bottle. The estate is neglected; Craig sinks into utter apathy and despair and is presently removed to the state insane asylum. Denise, after a period of miserable loneliness and ineffectual search for work, is befriended by a breezy and blasphemous lady named Bertha, who manages a squalid but law-abiding lodging house. At this point, for reasons not set forth in the text, Craig's mental condition takes a sudden turn for the

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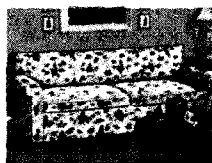
Your Hide-A-Bed—upholstered in rich and durable new fabrics—is a beautiful new addition to your living room. There's luxurious comfort in every inch of it. And those smart, tasteful lines are built to stay neat, trim-looking for years and years to come.



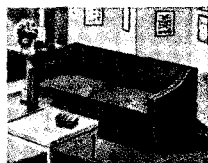
BY NIGHT

See how your Hide-A-Bed turns into a *big* double bed. A bed with a genuine, *full-size* Simmons inner-spring mattress! Opens, closes so simply, too. And so cleverly built, you can leave sheets, blankets on, fold it away already made up. What a timesaver!

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It's the *only* sofa bed with an all-steel tubular frame—light but sturdy! Has a folding mechanism so *scientifically counterbalanced* it opens and closes almost at your direction!

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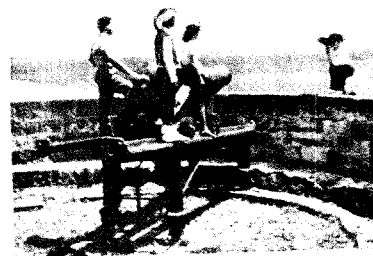


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better, and presently he is so much improved that he is permitted to leave the asylum for a visit of a few hours to Denise. But he mistakes the lodging house for a brothel, and it is not until he is safely back under lock and key that the truth becomes clear to him—not only the truth about the character of Bertha's establishment but the truth about his whole life. Everything has been his fault. This realization, far from depressing him, cheers him up; as the book ends, he is looking forward confidently to his discharge from the asylum and to a new and presumably less alcoholic life with Denise.

What Mr. Goss appears to have attempted is a tale of transcendent love. But since he was less interested in his story than in the manner of telling it, he has forgotten to give us any real notion of the spiritual bond between these strange lovers. And since their passion is never quite credible, it does not provoke the pity that Mr. Goss solicits for them.

—J. M. LALLEY

BRIEFLY. NOTED

FICTION

DARK IS THE MIRROR, by William Kinsey (Houghton Mifflin). The story of a love affair between two Americans in postwar Stockholm—a scientist who is vacationing in the city and a young woman who is visiting relatives there. Their friendship glows brightly almost at once, but the heroine, after hinting vaguely at some sinister barrier to its continuance, gives her admirer the impression that she is involved in an unsavory way with one of her Swedish male cousins. With the aid of his presumed rival, the scientist eventually persuades the young woman to take a more casual view of her attachment to her cousin (which turns out to be founded on nothing more than a few moments of florid conversation in a hunting lodge at the end of an exhilarating day of winter sports) and to accept his offer of security in Philadelphia. The saccharine conclusion thoroughly undoes the story's atmosphere of insinuated evil.

PATHETIC SYMPHONY, by Klaus Mann (Allen, Towne & Heath). A fictional biography of Tchaikowsky. In addition to presenting all the verifiable facts of the composer's life, the author attempts to give some idea, by means of frequent interior monologues, of what the hero was thinking about when he sat down at



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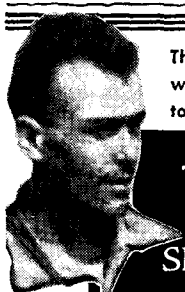
**The victims
were all naked
and all little—**

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referred in its comments
on Donald Friede's
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THE MECHANICAL ANGEL.**

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the piano. An interesting, if somewhat hackneyed, version of the emotional rearing and bucking that seems to accompany—or result in—major artistic output.

ANOTHER SUCH VICTORY, by John D. Weaver (Viking). A generally successful novel that has to do with the Bonus Army's march on Washington in the summer of 1932. The book is both an account of what the movement looked like to the elders on Capitol Hill and an explanation of how it appeared to the people taking part in it, particularly to the members of one small family that remained faithful to the cause right up to the bruising finish. One of the liveliest parts of the story is a sketch of Douglas MacArthur that has very little chance of being incorporated into the fragrant eulogies to the General that are now running serially in some of our newspapers.

GREAT MISCHIEF, by Josephine Pinckney (Viking). A compound of fantasy and realism concerning the friendship between a witch and a superstitious nineteenth-century Southern druggist. Except for one first-rate passage of unadulterated caprice, when the druggist accompanies his friend on an overnight excursion to Hell, the novel, which is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection for April, is a hopelessly misguided effort to create a fresh dimension in narrative entertainment out of a freehand mixture of incompatible elements.

THE TIME IS NOON, by Hiram Haydn (Crown). A five-hundred-and-sixty-page novel dealing with American life on all social levels during the late nineteen-twenties. By recording the activities of six young men and women, presumably representative of the era, Mr. Haydn has nailed together a chronicle that includes numerous descriptions of Americans in the throes of moral and ideological experiment, several portraits of astigmatic businessmen, and countless passing references to the more wispy sociological phenomena of the times. His achievement will probably be admired more widely as a handbook than as a novel.

NOTE: "I Never Saw an Arab Like Him," by James A. Maxwell, a collection of stories dealing with the author's wartime experiences among the Americans, the Arabs, the Jews, and other badgered residents of Tripoli, has been published by Houghton

Mifflin. A number of the stories first appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

OUR PLUNDERED PLANET, by Fairfield Osborn (Little, Brown). A survey of the damage man has done to his inheritance from nature, and a plea for the recognition of a danger to life every bit as grave as any large-scale war. Mr. Osborn, who is the president of the New York Zoological Society, sums up his contention in one sentence: "The tide of the earth's population is rising, the reservoir of the earth's living resources is falling." He says that in comparatively undeveloped lands, such as the republics of South America, many of the natural assets—forests, watersheds, animals, minerals, and so on—are being wasted and destroyed, and that in the older, more civilized nations a great deal of the goods of the earth has already been exhausted. A strongly worded and brilliantly written book.

ENJOYMENT OF LIVING, by Max Eastman (Harper). What appears to be the first leg of an autobiographical marathon; in six hundred pages the author manages to account for his life only up to 1917, when he was thirty-four and the editor of the *Masses*. Mr. Eastman lays down a solid background of family history and goes over in enervating detail his adolescent soul searchings, his early love life, and his efforts to become a writer, before he gets on with his main piece of work—a subjective history of the intellectual radical movement in America at the beginning of this century. Vastly overweight.

NORMANDY TO THE BALTIC, by Field Marshal the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein (Houghton Mifflin). The former commander of the Twenty-first Army Group tells the story of the British part in the Battle for Germany, from the appointment of the high command for Operation Overlord (the invasion of France) to the night in his caravan on Luneburg Heath when he accepted the surrender of the German armed forces opposing him. General Montgomery's writing is far from colorful; he is interested mainly in explaining the large-scale design of his strategy, and he does so in rather frigid prose. A few of his statements, such as "The battle of Arnhem was ninety per cent successful," may cause some surprise to civilians who

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CONTINUOUS ENTERTAINMENT
9 P. M. to 4 A. M.

LE RUBAN BLEU

followed the war in the newspapers.
Maps.

NAZI-SOVIET RELATIONS, 1939-1941, edited by Raymond James Sontag and James Stuart Beddie (Didier). A compilation of the captured German documents that trace the career of the German-Russian alliance during the early part of the war in Europe. The more scandalous revelations contained in the papers are, of course, already known to many, but the book gives a sense of continuity to the mutual hypocrisy and double-dealing that characterized the affair. In spite of the stiffness of its diplomatic language, the record is dramatic and informative. Among the items is a secret protocol, drawn up in 1940 by Molotov and von Ribbentrop, in which the Soviet Union deposes that its aspirations after the war will be directed southward, toward the Indian Ocean.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL, by Krishna Nehru (John Day). A series of poignant sketches of various women whom the author, a younger sister of Jawaharlal Nehru, met during a long stay in an Indian jail. Most of the prisoners were not "politicals," as Miss Nehru was; among them were prostitutes, murderers, and terrorists—victims not only of the poverty and maltreatment in youth that produce most criminals, but also, and to a greater degree, of a hopeless and degrading social system. Those who think that the British incarceration of political prisoners was a more or less benign routine will be surprised to read of the savage way they were sometimes treated.

FREE ADMISSION, by Ilka Chase (Doubleday). In her customary effervescent manner, Miss Chase gets on with her autobiography, which she began in "Past Imperfect." This book is chiefly an account of her wartime marriage to a doctor in the Navy. It sounds pretty much like luncheon chatter, although the author does have a few serious things to say—things like "The price of liberty is still eternal vigilance."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DANCE WITHOUT MUSIC, by Peter Cheyney (Dodd, Mead). Caryl O'Hara, a harsh-spoken British private op with a heart of pure mush, is hired by a young woman to get incriminating evidence against a judo expert who peddles dope as a sideline. In the course of this out-of-the-ordinary assignment, O'Hara covers a

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LEW SPENCE**

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large portion of London and its sub-
urbs at top speed, gets tossed on his
neck, becomes involved in a murder,
and ends up by winning his client's
affections as well as the case. All very
active, but not up to Mr. Cheyney's
high standard.

FALSE BOUNTY, by Stephen Ransome
(Doubleday). A young lawyer in
eastern Pennsylvania works out an
apparently foolproof scheme for dis-
posing of his former wife, a woman
of somewhat lethal inclinations her-
self. When the plan misfires and
an innocent person is killed, the con-
science-stricken originator of the
trouble has to bustle around ener-
getically before he finally discovers
what happened. Good bucolic atmos-
phere, but not much else.

THE MURDER OF MARIA MARTEN,
edited by Jeanne and Norman Mac-
Kenzie (Pellegrini & Cudahy). A
retelling of the story of a murder
that is said to have enthralled the
whole of the British public back in
1828, based on running accounts
of the crime carried in the London
Times. Fundamentally, the case is
simple and not very mysterious, since
it is concerned with the plight of a
young man who plants the remains of
his mistress under a barn instead of
marrying her. By dint of a good
deal of embroidery, however, the
journalist assigned to the story man-
aged to build it up into a *cause célèbre*.
Quaint and soporific.

It was decided also to distribute hon-
orary awards to contributors who give
more than \$500,000,000. Contributors of
more than \$20,000,000,000 will receive an
inscribed tablet.—*Chinese News Service*.

Wood or bronze?

Asked how much of her success she at-
tributed to religion, the star answered
firmly: "I wouldn't want to go five min-
utes without my religion. It gives me a
backbone to stand on; I know what is
right."—*Catholic Sentinel*.

She knows what is darned awkward,
anyway.

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its en-
tirety, is from the *Des Moines Register*]

LONDON, ENGLAND (AP)—British
Novelist-Composer F. W. Rudd wrote a
new opera thirteen years ago, mailed it
to a friend and never heard any more
about it.



Three White Turkeys

IN NEW YORK

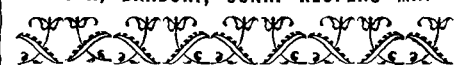
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Turkeys are a prominent
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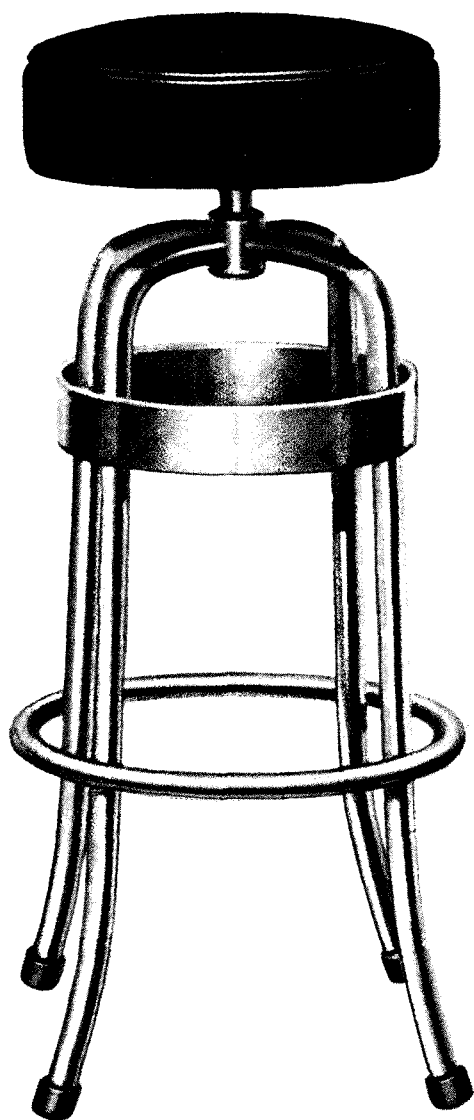
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fliers used in the war. Now they're a
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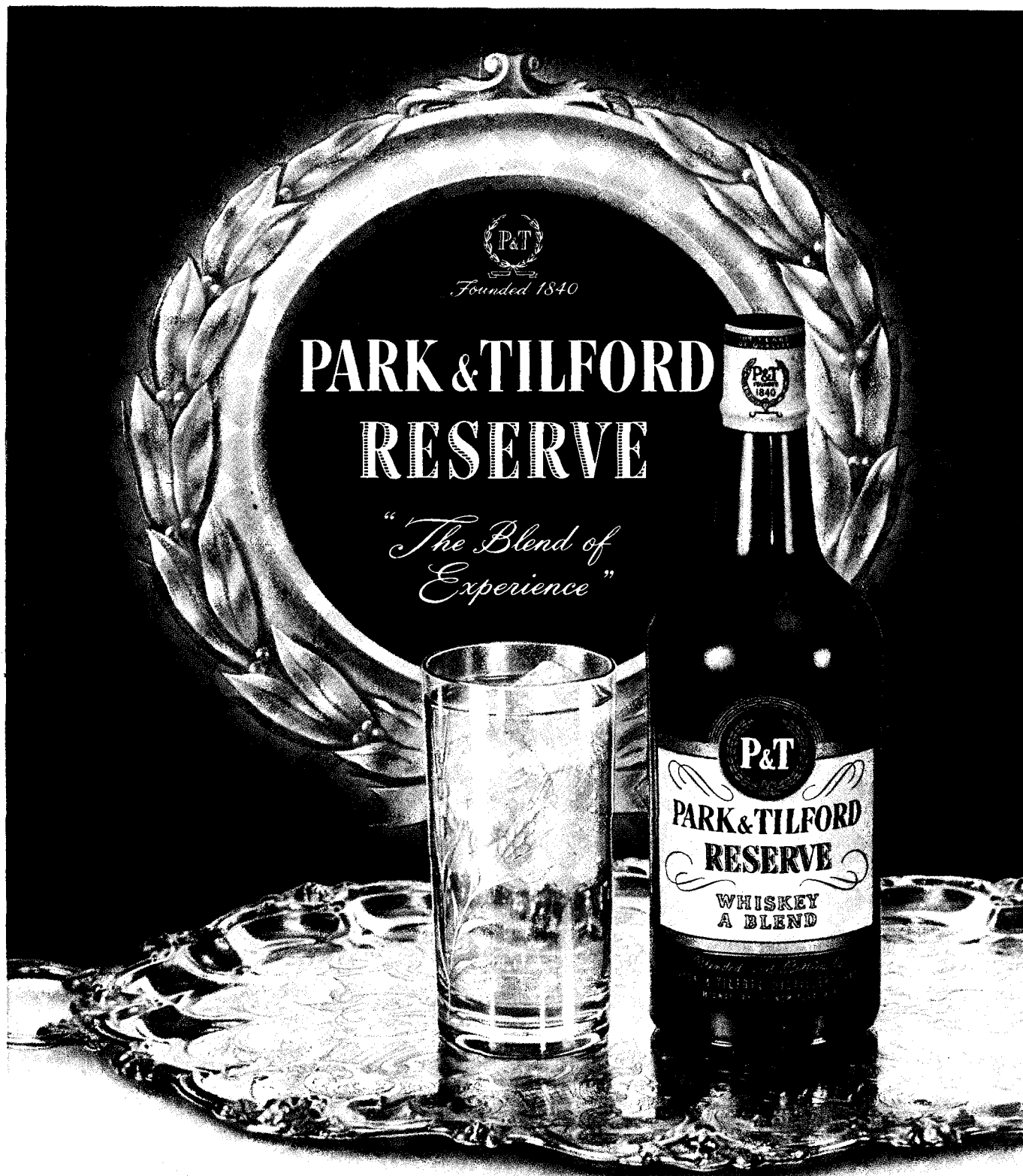
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